BOLENGE

A Story of Gospel Triumphs on the Congo

MRS. EVA N. DYE

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Dye, Eva May, 1877-1951.

Bolenge, a story of gospel triumphs on the Congo, by Mrs. Eva N. Dye. 5th ed. Cincinnati, Foreign Christian missionary society, 1910 [c1909]

233p. illus. 20cm.

1. Missions--Zaire. 2. Disciples of Christ--Missions. I. Title.

CCSC/map

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A Story of Gospel Triumphs on the Congo

By

MRS. EVA N. DYE

SIXTH PRINTING.

FOREIGN CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1911

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FOREWORD

BOLENGE has become a household word among the Disciples of Christ. In ten years one of the greatest churches in the world has been built up at that place out of the most unpromising materials. There has been a widespread demand for the publication of the facts relating to the Bolenge church. It was in response to that demand that this book has been written. It is believed that Christ will be greatly honored and the faith of many of His followers greatly strengthened by its publication.

Mrs. Royal J. Dye, the author, has spent two terms of missionary service on the Congo. She has had personal knowledge of the work there almost from the beginning. Because of the condition of her health she was unable to return with her husband on his third term of service. While at home she has assisted the work by writing this book.

The reader will find it a mine of information about conditions in Central Africa. Any one who will read the first chapter will want to read every line of the book, and will want to read everything else that he can find on the same subject. God is doing marvelous things on the Congo; things that all intelligent people will find worth knowing.

It is reported that a popular magazine pays ex-President Roosevelt one dollar for every word he writes about his hunting trip in Africa. Ex-President Roosevelt is an interesting man, but he has nothing to compare in value with the contents of Mrs. Dye's book. The accounts of the Arctic experiences and discoveries of Dr. Cook and Commander Peary are of much less significance to the Kingdom than this volume. "Bolenge" is a book to be read and studied. It is a book that will call out joyful thanksgiving from every one who is interested in the progress of the gospel.

ARCHIBALD MCLEAN.

Cincinnati, September 11, 1909.

Mrs. Dye has written an additional chapter for this the fifth edition. This chapter, dealing with the year 1910 and bringing the history of the Congo work down to date, is found on page 206, preceding the Appendix.

A. MCLEAN.

Cincinnati, September 16, 1910.

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Bolenge; A Story of Gospel Triumphs on the Congo

CHAPTER I

Planting the Gospel on the Equator

"Believe? Yes, I do believe that we shall all emerge into light again sometime. It is true that our prospects are as dark as this night. Though I love life as much as you do, or any other man does, yet on the success of this effort I am about to stake my life, my all."

These words were addressed to a companion by Stanley, December 27, 1876, as he was starting on the long and perilous journey, seeking to trace the great river on which they had embarked, from its sources to its mouth. His flotilla consisted of twenty-three canoes with their burden of one hundred and forty-nine people.

Because of the northerly trend of the river they were uncertain whether it was the Congo, the Nile, or an affluent of one of these. The morning was typical, that on which they set forth from Vinya-Njara. A dense, gray mist obscured even the palmy banks of the

river. Little by little the mists lifted and the sun appeared, transforming all the face of nature. Even so the Sun of Righteousness is now lifting the heavy mists of superstition and pouring into the deepest and darkest recesses of this mighty river His transforming light.

For days and months this intrepid explorer braved dangers from the quick, tropical storms on the Livingstone, as he called the unknown river. He faced dangers from starvation and from fierce tribes inhabiting the dense forests, that like an impenetrable barrier rise on either side of the river. Several canoes and many lives were lost in sudden fights with cannibal tribes. In spite of all obstacles, however, the expedition pressed forward and early in February, 1877, Stanley verified his conviction that the "unknown river" was the Congo itself.

Nearing the equator, where now is situated "Beautiful Bolenge," they had been for days unable to purchase food. The aborigines had been so hostile that even from their fishing canoes they had fired at them. At last Stanley's men in despair exclaimed: "What shall we do? What will be the end of all this? Whither, O whither are we going? God alone knows how we shall prosper below."

February 19th they discovered an enormous river more than a thousand yards wide, with a strong current. This stream refused to mingle with the Congo; the meeting of the two waters being plainly marked by a zigzag ripple. This was the largest tributary yet discovered, and proved to be the Bosira. In 1909, more than thirty years later, the first mission station on this river was opened. It is located at Longa, one hundred

miles from the river's mouth. From this new outpost the light is streaming for another two hundred miles up the great navigable branches of the Bosira. Beyond this the mist still hangs, low and impenetrable as a curtain, behind which all is darkness. Occasional trips are made by trading or Government steamers into this darkness. These go, not to carry light but to bring forth out of the dense forests their cargoes of rubber, ivory, gum copal, and such rare products as are demanded by civilization. And these traders halt not in their quest. They go even at the price of their own life and the life of the natives.

Stanley, on that memorable journey, after passing the mouth of the Bosira, or Ikelemba, as he called it, paddled on past the site of Bolenge to a point on an island in the river. This island was opposite Ikengo, a village near Bolenge. From this village the natives came across to him. They became most friendly, sealing their friendship with all traditional ceremony in blood, thus making a blood brotherhood, which is inviolable. Here they begged him for his note book which appeared most wonderful to them. Stanley says: "During the whole of this day life was most enjoyable, intercourse unreservedly friendly, and though most of the people were armed with guns there was no manifestation of the least desire to be uncivil, rude, or hostile, which inspired us once more with a feeling of security, to which we had been strangers since leaving Urangi two months before." As Stanley left Ikengo several canoes escorted him some distance, with many demonstrations of friendship. This was in marked contrast to the ferocity encountered soon afterward

farther down the river. This experience held a forecast of the future, as we trace the remarkable receptivity of that people to the Gospel message. Fierce and warlike they certainly were and still are in the districts remote from the river, but ready to be friendly when once their confidence is gained. Perhaps the prophecy of a venerable chief of this same village, Ikengo, has made them more receptive. He foretold that a race of albinos were coming to that country, whose wool was as straight as that of a wild boar; that canoes would come up river without paddles. So when the white man came with straight hair and in steamers without paddles they accepted them as inevitable.

It is not necessary further to follow Stanley in his long journey down the river to the pool which bears his name—past cataracts, rapids, and whirlpools, to the once more navigable waters rushing on to join the ocean. As Stanley turned, August, '77, to take a farewell glance at the mighty river on whose "brown bosom" he had endured so greatly, he says: "I felt my heart suffused with purest gratitude to Him whose hand had protected us and who had enabled us to pierce the Dark Continent from East to West, and to trace its mightiest river to its ocean bourne."

The news of the successful outcome of this stupendous undertaking had no sooner reached England, than the Livingstone Inland Mission was formed, to attempt an entrance into Africa by the new route. Dr. and Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness were the founders of this new mission. These great missionary philanthropists had been led of God some years previous to this, in 1872, to found the East London Institute for

Home and Foreign Missions. It had been their intense desire, even before the discovery of the Congo, to send the gospel into the interior. In the fall of '77, when Stanley's letters were published in England, the mission was quickly organized and the first missionary, Henry Craven, was sent out. Others soon followed him. The thrilling incidents of the first five years, as heard from the lips of those dauntless heralds of the cross, exceed those of any book yet written. Some of these who went out under the Livingstone Inland Mission are still laboring on the Congo. Through dangers unsurpassed, through seeming defeat, and ofttimes in the face of death, these brave men, undaunted by their calamities, went on and on until they planted the banner of the King of kings at Stanley Pool, on the Upper Congo. After the burning of one of their stations and the death of several of their missionary party, they wrote home: "We are not in the least daunted by these deaths. Forward is the order, and, with God's help, forward we will go!"

In 1883 these pioneers opened three stations on the Upper Congo above Stanley Pool, the last one being called Equatorville, or Waugata. This site was just above the present station of Bolenge, and there for the first time was the gospel planted on the equator.

The policy of the Livingstone Inland Mission was to plant a chain of stations into the interior. This they could not accomplish. When they felt that another society was better able than they to carry forward this mighty undertaking, the whole mission was tendered to the American Baptist Missionary Union and accepted. This showed the true missionary spirit of the conse-

crated founders of the Livingstone Inland Mission. For the first time in the history of modern missions so large a mission was transferred from one society to another without any compensation. The Livingstone Inland Mission then was composed of six established stations with supplies and buildings and twenty-five missionaries. The property had cost $125,000, and many lives. Besides this, the mission steamer *Henry Reed,* which cost $25,000, was turned over to the American Baptist Missionary Union as a free gift. This was a valuable heritage of life and property. It included Equator Station, which was then considered of great importance and as giving promise of success. The single condition under which this unique transfer was made was that the mission should be "vigorously sustained."

The expense, however, of carrying on so great a work was stupendous, especially on the Upper river, and a constantly increasing problem to the American Baptists. The years which followed proved the inability of the American Baptist Missionary Union to fulfill the ideals of the Livingstone Inland Mission, for the stations then established could barely be supported. It was thought wiser to concentrate efforts on the Lower Congo, where a strong work was in progress, though the stations on the Upper Congo should suffer in consequence. The missionaries had to provide much of their own support, so little did the churches at home then understand the great opportunity given to them by God. But God is ever watchful of His own, and was raising up another agency to carry on the work so courageously begun and kept up, amid so many discouragements.

In November, 1895, at the annual meeting of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society of the Churches of Christ, a committee on Africa was appointed, with J. A. Lord as chairman. In substance their report was as follows: "The Continent of Africa is now, by the providence of God, open to the entrance of the Gospel of Christ, and the way into its darkest depths, already blazed by the heroic efforts of Christian missionaries who have entered it for Christ. . . . Its people seem peculiarly ready for the reception of the truth of God.

"In view of these facts, it seems our pressing duty, as loyal disciples of Christ, to open a mission effort in Africa with the least possible delay. . . . We recommend that the Board be requested and authorized to open, or prepare for opening, during the coming year, a mission in Africa, if the resources shall permit; if in its best judgment there be no insuperable difficulties in the way."

Two years later one man had been found willing to be the pioneer of this work, and the report of another committee on Africa, with W. F. Richardson as chairman, reads thus:

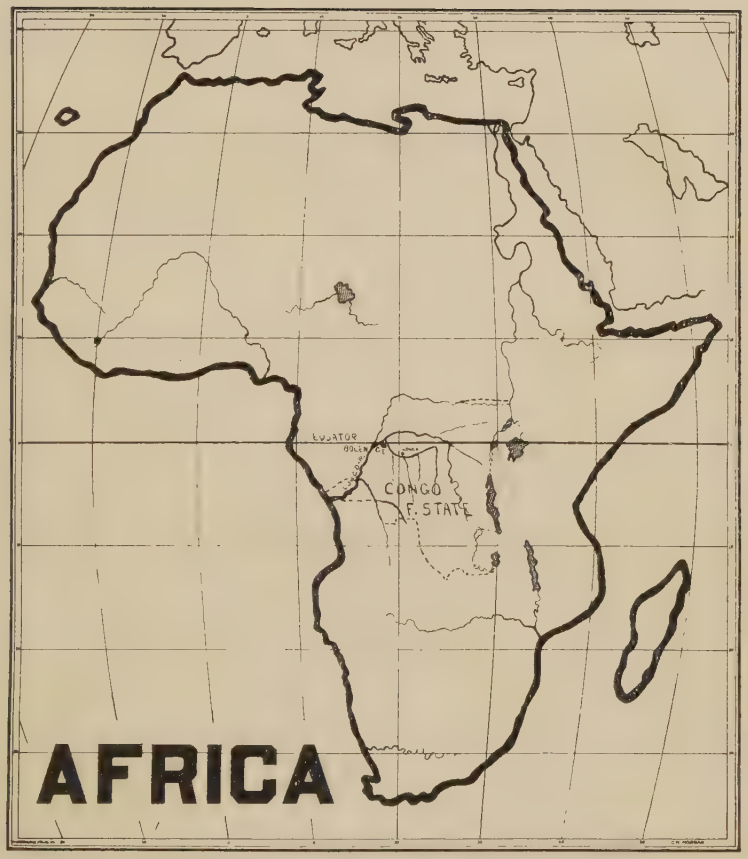
"Beneath a baobab tree, beside Lake Ilala, in the interior of Africa, lies the heart of David Livingstone. His body, borne upon the shoulders of the dark-skinned sons of that heathen continent, was carried to the distant coast and thence conveyed to an honored burial in Westminster Abbey. Into this vast field, thus opened by this man of God, others have entered, enlightening its darkness with the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, bringing liberty to the captives and hope to the despairing.

"Many Christian bodies of believers have sent of their number, chosen men and women who have counted it a joy to lay down their lives in behalf of this race so long in darkness and sin, so eager to receive the saving gospel of our Lord. In this great work the people who delight to call themselves Disciples of Christ have not yet borne a part. In choosing fields for mission work among the heathen the Dark Continent has not yet been entered by them. But it has for several years been on their hearts, and the way seems now open for beginning this work.

"One consecrated, earnest man, E. E. Faris, is willing and anxious to go to Africa to plant the standard of the cross. He has been accepted for this mission. It has been deemed important that a medical missionary accompany him. The committee urges that no small thing shall stand in the way of a movement on Africa. Too long have we delayed at the threshold of this open door.

"We desire to lay this upon the conscience of the whole Church. . . . If we move forward in obedience to the Lord's command He will open doors, and raise up men to enter them."

Mr. E. E. Faris and Dr. H. N. Biddle accordingly were sent forth upon this mission, going to the Congo Free State, which had been recognized as such by a conference of the nations of Christendom at Berlin, in 1884. At that time it was declared: "Liberty of conscience and religious toleration are expressly guaranteed to the natives, as well as to the inhabitants and foreigners. The free and public exercise of every creed, the right to erect religious buildings and to organize missions belonging to every creed, shall be subject to



The location of Bolenge and Longa are indicated by the dots.

no restriction or impediment whatsoever." King Leopold II was the elected sovereign of the Free State until 1908, when it became a regular colony under the administration of the central government of Belgium, and is now known as Congo Belge.

When our missionaries arrived in the Congo they soon found that the "religious liberty and freedom to establish missions" had long been refused to Protestant societies. For months they traveled up and down the Congo and its tributaries seeking an abiding place but finding none. The missionaries of other societies received them into their homes and helped them in every way possible. The American Baptist Missionary Union had offered to the Foreign Christian Missionary Society certain of their stations on the Upper Congo, and after investigation the offer of Bolenge was accepted with grateful appreciation of the courtesy and good-will of that society. Two thousand five hundred dollars was paid as a small return for the added equipment made to the station during the years of their occupancy.

The uncertain life, together with exposure and weakening health, proved too much for the brave young doctor, H. N. Biddle. Before he had ever seen the site of the new work he was compelled to start for home. He never reached America. More personal mention will be made of him in another chapter, and we leave him now to follow the other young man, E. E. Faris, to Equator Station, now known as Bolenge. The Baptist missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Banks, were still at the station, discouraged and disheartened by the terrible trials through which they had gone. In the meantime the news of the death of Dr. Biddle had

reached America, and another doctor and his wife were sent immediately to fill the vacant place. Dr. and Mrs. Royal J. Dye took with them the papers for the transfer of the station, and after their arrival at Bolenge, April 17, 1899, the station was given over to these three inexperienced young people. With sad hearts they saw Mr. and Mrs. Banks leave the home where they had patiently struggled to build up the cause of Christ amid what seemed insuperable difficulties.

Now for the third time the gospel began to be planted on the equator. The soil which gave hopes of such an abundant harvest in earlier years had become more and more stony, and the seed which had been sown and had immediately sprung up had soon withered away because there was no root. "These were they who have no root in themselves, but endure for awhile; then when tribulation or persecution ariseth—straightway they stumble." There was but one Christian left, though there were some active backsliders in the heathen village. Yet none but the Heavenly Father can tell how much seed then sown has sprung up in these later days as showers of blessings have been poured out upon Bolenge. It is God who gives the increase. It has been a great honor for us to have followed those heroes and heroines who counted not their lives dear unto themselves. Ours is a station whose history is fraught with many memories. Even the sheets of zinc of which one of the mission bungalows is built are still marked with "L. I. M." in large letters. We have entered into a holy ministry. And herein is that saying true, "One soweth and another reapeth. I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labor; other men labored and ye are entered into their labors."

CHAPTER II

Beautiful and Busy Bolenge

"Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."

For years these lines were a fitting word picture of Bolenge. Situated more than seven hundred miles from the coast, directly on the equator, it occupies a commanding position in the great Congo basin. For hundreds of miles on all sides of Bolenge this basin is an extensive marshy plateau, covered by the renowned forest of the Congo. This region is thought by some to have once been a great inland sea. For these hundreds of miles there is not a hill and the native languages have lost the words for hills and mountains.

Wherever there is a rise of land sufficiently large to accommodate the necessary buildings, there a Government post, a trading post, or a mission station is built. The intervening marsh is drained by beautiful rivulets that frequently break forth to join the resistless tide of the Congo. The scenery is an ever-changing panorama from Stanley Pool to Stanley Falls, a distance of one thousand miles. From the stately white "Dover Cliffs" at the Pool, rises a long line of hills, with picturesque groves of borassus or fan palms in the valleys between. Through these groves runways have been made by herds of elephants and buffaloes

coming down to the river for drink. Occasionally a hippopotamus pokes his huge brown nose up through the water to give a loud grunt of disapproval at being disturbed in his peaceful, watery home.

Soon the hills begin to recede and hundreds of miles of low lying land is passed. There are no longer rocks to be avoided in the river, but shifting sandbars take their place, where crocodiles lie basking in the sun. The winding, ever-changing course of the river relieves the monotony. Chattering monkeys and flocks of birds afford diversion for the sportsman. The flowers and gorgeously beautiful birds that commonly are supposed to abound in the tropical forests are rare, but the foliage makes good the loss. Each bush and tree vies with its neighbor in the beautiful hue of freshly bursting leaves. The beauty of these trees even surpasses the beauty of the autumn leaves in the home land, the old leaves with their varying shades of brown and green making the trees look like a giant flower bed. The bright young leaves bursting out amid the dull tones of the old gives mere foliage the appearance of rich bloom. Here and there where a rivulet breaks forth appears a vista of young palms. How glorious, how magnificent! But a few days of scorching sun and the beauty fades and withers. How typical is the tropical foliage of the tropical folk! All beauty is in youth; old age is dried and seared and unlovely.

On a little bay of the river, surrounded by this tropical verdure, lies the bank whereon Bolenge stands. This is a rare spot, overlooking the dark turbulent Congo.

The beach is lined with huge boulders of conglom-

erate rock. Much time was necessarily spent in making a safe landing-place for the steamers. Just out of the rocky hillside above, flows a clear, sparkling spring, over which a brick house has been built with palm-thatched roof. This spring supplies pure, crystal water to both missionaries and natives. No steamer landing here ever fails to fill, from the spring's never-failing supply, every available demijohn. Even the native is learning to prefer it to the more highly flavored water of the river.

Up from the reddish rocks on the beach, the green bank rises, a steep slope of sixty or seventy feet. Winding paths lead up on each side of the slope to the level plat above, when the station is laid out. This is often called "The Park." The palm-bordered avenue which skirts the station and the century-old, fern-bedecked palms make a picturesque setting for the whole; being a natural conservatory enclosed by the arching sky and warmed by the intense sun, all tropical vegetation grows with great rapidity and luxuriance. Oranges, mangoes, guavas, alligator pears, grape-fruit, pine-apples, bananas, and numerous other varieties of fruit have been successfully introduced. Of these, only bananas are grown by the natives—an insipid variety.

At the front of the station, facing the river and nestling amid this wealth of shade and beauty, are the three little mission bungalows. A wide avenue of golden moor acacias stretches across the station in front of the houses. When in bloom these trees look like gorgeous hanging flower beds. The school chapel once occupied a position on a line with the bungalows, facing the river, but was moved from this site to a more

central position nearer the native village. Facing on Church Street, the chapel is accessible from all directions, being approached by paths from Orange Avenue and Main Street. Opposite this, across Orange Avenue, is the Tabernacle and site for the new Auditorium and Bible College. As may be seen from the plan of the station, the printing house, carpenter's shop, sheep and goat folds, and orphanage are placed in convenient positions here and there. Pretty streets and wide avenues lead to all these. In one secluded corner to the left of the chapel, bordered round with young palms, lies the quiet city of the sainted dead.

To the right and left of the station along the telegraph path which runs back of the station, parallel with the river, lies the native village. Immediately back of the stations is growing up a distinct Christian community, though the whole village of Bolenge is almost altogether Christian now. All the day long the streets of the station are scenes of busy traffic and industry. The children from the villages run about, throng the paths at the ringing of the school bell, and fall in line to march into the chapel. Workmen may be seen at all hours hurrying with their paddles to make a trip across the river for necessary building material, carrying lumber, or otherwise busily occupied. The sound of hammers and saws tells of new buildings being erected. Long lines of boys may be seen slowly coming up the hill from the beach with boxes full of clay for brick-making. Others are quickly mixing it with sand, while some are molding and carrying the fresh bricks to the drying sheds. Sewing machines hum as the girls turn out the neatly made garments for sale in the

Bolenge, from the River.

A corner of Bolenge Station. Missionary homes in the background.

mission store. Others are cooking, washing, sweeping, and scrubbing. The smaller children are busy picking up bits of paper and keeping the lawn tidy. Crowds of sick are waiting their turn at the Dispensary. One by one they come and go, bringing corn, cassava roots, eggs, fowls, and ducks to exchange for salt, enameled dishes, spoons, forks, knives, fish hooks, and other articles. Women with huge baskets on their backs sit beneath the trees. They are waiting while the station boys pick oranges and mangoes, which these women have come to buy. This fruit they in turn sell to ready purchasers on Government steamers at a good profit. The hum of the mission press reminds one that here a new literature is being made and a new trade being learned. The missionaries are a busy group, for all these many departments must have personal supervision. A busy life in a beautiful place, but under difficult conditions, such must it ever be to the missionary who goes forth to Central Africa to preach the gospel of the Son of man.

This is but a glimpse of the out-of-door sanctuary to which God has called His messengers, there to exemplify in word and deed the life of His Son before a heathen world. God said, "I will be to them a little sanctuary in the countries to which they have gone." To us has this promise been fulfilled.

CHAPTER III

People Devoid of Shame

The outward beauty of the mission station at Bolenge has been described. What a contrast to this was the native village even as we found it in 1899. Much of the common, every-day life of the natives would not bear description. It is not just, however, to any tribe of the Bantu race to condemn it thus without explanation. In spite of their degraded condition, these people possess certain strong characteristics and indications of latent capacity not entirely inferior to that of the Asiatic or European. When these dormant possibilities are brought to life and developed by Christianity, we find a people peculiarly different from the real Negroid race.

The Bantu race now occupies that vast part of Africa, from the Southern border of the Sudan, south to the Orange River and east and west from ocean to ocean. To the north and south are races totally different from them. The one great characteristic of the Bantu race is the language, which, though divided into hundreds of dialects, has ever the same construction and grammatical basis. The racial name *Bantu* is the word for "people" in every dialect, although in a few it has a slightly different form. This alone would be sufficient to prove one common origin of the race.

For years it was thought that the Hottentots of the extreme south and the ancient Egyptians of the Northeast, were alike in many particulars and differed widely from their intervening neighbors. Philologists of the present day have found remarkable resemblances between the languages of the Hottentots and that of the Egyptians. This would seem to indicate that these two were originally one, and that some incoming race divided them and drove a portion to the southern limit of the Continent. The question of how and whence the Bantus came is not so easily answered. Rev. E. M. Bliss says: "As the families of the earth multiplied in the home of their childhood and youth, it is easy to see how there must have been a general pressure from the North and East to the South and West, especially from Western Asia into northeast of Africa, or from the Euphrates into Egypt." Professor Starr, of the University of Chicago, the eminent anthropologist, has written the author as follows concerning his views as to the origin of the Bantu race: "My own belief is that the ancestral Bantu are related to the Melanesians (such as live in Fiji, New Guinea, etc.) and have entered the country from the east side. They have filled the middle and south of the Continent. Among the northern peoples they have no doubt received influence from non-Bantu peoples, both true Negro and Hamitic and Semitic whites. Of course, there have been constant movements among all Bantu peoples, and none of the tribes have been perhaps very long in their present locations." This migrating race then, though undoubtedly Hamitic in its origin, would have come in contact with the more intelligent Caucasian races, and

intermarriage would account for the lighter color, more elevated nose, and altogether more intelligent features. They bear marked similarity to the Caucasian, one often finding striking likeness between them and white people. This would also account for the natural grace, dignity, and more aristocratic bearing of the people of this race compared to the real Negro.

While the above theory would explain their real superiority, it would also account for their similarity to the Negroid race, for in passing through the Negro country they would have mingled with them to some extent and have become like them in many respects, darker, with thicker lips and kinkier hair. The hair of a Bantu babe is as soft as silk and its skin remarkably light. Moreover, many of their fireside tales have led the missionaries to believe that at some time they were in touch with a higher civilization. These influences have given color to their folk-lore tales. Some remnants of stories of the flood and tower of Babel are still found. There are, moreover, authentic stories of the migration of many of these tribes as they came down from the North.

There are many proofs of the slow degeneration of this great race. However, their strong, inherited characteristics, their quick insight and intelligence make their regeneration comparatively easy.

The Nkundos, together with the Lolos to the North, are one tribe of this race,—a tribe of at least 10,000,000 people, speaking the same language with some dialectical differences. Even in the same tribe the customs, dress, and manner of life differ, so what would be true of one section would not be true in another. The dress is more

nearly undress, the farther away from the main river one goes. At Bolenge the heathen women wore a narrow strip of cloth around the hips, tied with a thong or strip of dried banana leaf, the rest of the body being perfectly nude. The men wore a loin cloth suspended from a leathern girdle about the loins and fastened under the belt at the back. When the cloth is large and full enough to meet at the sides of the hips this gives a most ludicrous appearance, as though wearing a double "directoire" costume. The missionaries found the children dressed only in their birth-day clothes, save for a string about the hips to make a waist line. Up the Bosira the women's costume varies greatly from that of Bolenge. Theirs consists of a woven belt tied in front, and having a huge pompon behind, an original and abbreviated combination of bustle and sheath gown. Farther inland the women's costume grows less and less, often consisting of only a string with a narrow suspended strip of cloth, studded with beads or white buttons. All these different sections make an elaborate use of camwood or logwood powder in their toilets, mixing the red powder with oil and smearing it over the entire body. Often stripes of white pipe clay are seen across the forehead, down the arms, and over many parts of the body. These usually have some superstitious signification.

Hair dressing is the next step in their elaborate toilet, and in this the women are experts. It is impossible for them to dress their own hair, and the men require as much time as the women. The hair often grows quite long, and is fantastically braided, sometimes to make one, two, or even three

horns projecting over the forehead. These often remind one of representations of his Satanic Majesty. Sometimes the hair is arranged in two braids, which coquettishly twine around the neck. There are many more peculiar and striking ways of hair dressing. In each case the hair is piled high on the head, but without the use of "rats." Occasionally the braids of hair are studded with beads and small white buttons much as the woman of to-day wears the gem-studded hair combs. The world over these ornaments are worn for one and the same reason, to attract the attention and elicit the admiration of the opposite sex. When the hair is dressed the end is not yet, for this process of hair dressing requires so much time that it must remain dressed for a period of weeks or even months. To obtain this desideratum a finishing touch is put on, not by a filmy net, however, but by the application of a pomade. This is composed of palm oil, camwood powder, and all the combings from the hair dressing, which are scrupulously saved lest an enemy obtain any of these and use them as a fetich with which to harm her. Thus when the coiffure is properly dressed it is fearfully and wonderfully made, being a safe receptacle for the combing of perhaps many previous years, and also for a multitude of small living inhabitants.

This elaborate style of hair dressing is discouraged among Christians, not only for the sake of cleanliness, but for morality as well. The one whose hair is being dressed reclines on a mat on the ground, with his head in the lap of the hair-dresser. The hair-dresser is always a woman. Whenever she is other than one of the man's own wives, it is an open sign understood by

all, of his having found an affinity for the time being. Every Christian in the church at Bolenge, whether man or woman, has the hair neatly cut, and daily combed.

The native wardrobe is scanty, but their tribal markings elaborate; these consist of cicatrization of the face and entire body. This begins in infancy when the first lines are cut in the little forehead and on the temples. The operations are kept up until the whole body is covered in patterns made by the healing of these cuts in raised ridges, called keloids. To make sure of this result red pepper and other irritating substances are rubbed into the cicatrizations to prevent their healing too quickly. They are very proud of their decorations, and do not take kindly to clothing which will cover up these marks of beauty. Yet even all the real suffering entailed by this is not sufficient—their teeth must be filed. The Nkundos do not file all their teeth to a point or stub as do certain tribes, but simply chip off the two front teeth to form an open triangle. This custom is observed by both men and women. This is attended with great pain, and some can not stand the test and in deep humiliation go through life devoid of this beauty mark.

When Iso Timothy, one of our evangelists, was a little boy he went to have his teeth chipped, but when the operator struck a nerve he jumped up and ran away, so his teeth are beautifully perfect save for one little corner of one front tooth. One of the early missionaries (Dr. Dye) broke a piece from one of his front teeth, and whenever stranger natives would see him for the first time they would immediately call to others to notice the fact that this white man followed their cus-

tom of tooth chipping. When later he returned from furlough with this space filled with gold, the attention paid to his mouth was often most embarrassing.

If the before mentioned requirements were all, a native woman's toilet would indeed be simple, but, like her more enlightened sister, she too is fond of ornaments and jewelry. The life of a favorite wife is hampered not a little by the large amount of this bestowed upon her; yet she would not be happy without it. The native currency or exchange has passed through many changes, from beads, copper wire and iron, to brass wire, now imported from Europe by both Government and missionary. This is cut into eleven inch lengths, costing about one cent each, though the value to the native is much more than this. This brass wire is melted by the clever native blacksmith and made into huge brass collars or neck rings, weighing for a grown woman from twenty-five to forty pounds each. These are put on the neck with great ceremony, in secret, and worn constantly, though the whole neck may become ulcerated in consequence. Besides this, she may also wear spiral anklets of brass wire reaching up nearly to the knees and tapering to the ankle. These weigh from ten to fifteen pounds each and are shaped to the leg and not to be taken off. The clanking sound of these is much admired by the gentry, though the feet become tense and swollen in consequence. The woman thus adorned may never again work in the garden, for in bending over her hands must be free to hold up the great ring; otherwise her neck might be broken by it. Neither may she go in a canoe, lest it be overturned and she be drowned and her husband's money

be wasted. She is altogether up-to-date, and wears bracelets of all sizes, covering her arms from wrists to elbows and often even above. Smaller anklets and bracelets are worn by the men and children and less favorite women. Nearly all the women are slender and graceful with an erect carriage and are really comely to look upon. But in the face of these heathen women there is a dull, hopeless expression. Here, as elsewhere, it is noticeable that the more outward adornment the less "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit" do they possess.

Few of the things which bring shame to us are shameful to them, but rather do they glory in those very things which it would be shameful for us to mention. Such has been their environment and heredity that in truth "their glory is in their shame." It is not a shame to have an open brawl in the streets, or to come to an open fight, slashing each other up and down the backs with murderous-looking weapons. Rather are the scars thus received marks of honor and courage, reminding us not a little of the honorable duels of our ancestors. It is not shame for a woman to be offered to a guest, or to be accosted on the road or street by a friend or stranger. With the young women this is not an insult, but an honor to her charms; the shame would be were she to refuse. It is not shame for a man to have many wives, or to beat them unmercifully, for is this not the way he proves his love for them? It is not shame, O Christian mothers, for a girl to be trained in indecency and immorality from her infancy; it is simply her destiny. Shame is the product of an awakened conscience, which is always the result, though

unconsciously and imperceptibly as it may be, of Christianity. Heathen nations are therefore lacking in this virtue. But modesty is inborn, and there is no man or woman so degraded as to be totally without this innate characteristic. So long as there is a fragment of this modesty remaining there is hope. This modesty is a sure sign of a better, purer, higher nature, to which the gospel may appeal until the sense of shame has been cultivated. It is the Son of man whose wondrous personality and irreproachable life lifts them out of the shameless existence of their previous condition, to be purified and to walk in newness of life for evermore.

This is strikingly illustrated in the life of one of our native Christian women. Ikengo was born in Wala, Lololand, where during an intertribal war she was captured and carried away to Lulanga. There they gave her to be the wife of another slave whom she greatly disliked. One day she, in company with several other girls, ran down to the beach to watch the arrival of a Government steamer. While standing there a white-skinned, but black-hearted officer sent a native to seize Ikengo and bring her to him, for she was beautiful. She struggled and the others protested, but to no avail. She soon found herself locked in his cabin, where she remained until the steamer was under way, when she was forced to become his mistress. She felt no shame, only sorrow at first at being taken away to a life she knew nothing of, the life of the white man. She, as do others, soon became proud of the beautiful clothes and trinkets given her to wear. For some years she kept up the life thus entered, becoming an object of envy to other women, who were compelled to live a similar life with less compensation.

Finally Ikengo met Ezo on a steamer on which she was traveling, and went to live with him, and together they began attending Catholic services. One day the evangelist, Iso Timothy, asked to hold a service in their house, to which they consented, but Ikengo left the house. Later Iso called the two and spoke to them privately, and they listened attentively and soon became regular attendants at all services at Bolenge. They were legally married and soon their life gave proof of change. The whole story of her strange career, with much that has been omitted, she herself told in confidence to the writer. She scarcely raised her eyes during the recital, for she had come to realize the awful shame of that life from which she had been saved. She saw the sinfulness of that which all her people considered honorable. She was naturally a quiet, modest little woman, and for a brief time she was spared to enjoy the full delight of a regenerated life. She continually grew in all the Christian graces until she was beloved by all. Her health, however, had been undermined, and while all were yet marveling at this wonderful transformation she slipped away from us to enter into Life Eternal.

"O, to save these, to perish for their saving, die for their life, be offered for them all!"

CHAPTER IV

Condition of Congo Women

'Last came a female form, more soft, more fair,
And Eden smiled to see the stranger there;
Then tones of joy from harps seraphic rung,
The stars of morning in their courses sung;
Earth echoed back a shout of grateful love
From every valley, cavern, stream, and grove.
Man, fill'd with praise, in solemn rapture stood,
God bow'd to view His work, and God pronounced it good.'

Through Eve, God and man were forever united in a holy compact. From that day to this the index of the civilization of every nation or people in all the world is not their religion, their manner of life, their prosperity, but the respect paid to woman. "Woman has always been the life and spirit of all true and genuine civilization."

Taking this then as a test, the unreached peoples and tribes of Central Africa are as low as it is possible for any nation to go. Here woman from birth to death is but the tool of her so-called husband or master. Here, even before birth, some man will often aspire to be the husband of the unborn child and will deposit a sum of money or some equivalent in value with the mother or father. In case the child be a girl she already belongs to him, and if a boy the fee deposited is returned, to be offered to some other expectant

mother. In spite of her degradation, the period of expected maternity is usually the happiest of a heathen woman's life, for then she is treated with more consideration and every dainty procurable is given her to eat. This, sad to say, not because of love or of any delicate feeling, but because children are desired, and the wife who bears the most children is the most valuable piece of property.

On the contrary, there are some husbands, scarcely human, who resent the unfortunate woman's condition, and add to her misery by cruelly beating her and forcing her to try every cruel heathen means to deprive herself of motherhood. If the inhuman beast fails in his desired purpose, there is no being on the face of the earth so deserving of pity as that poor woman. The picture is too dark for description, and deeds too unspeakable lie hidden in the background. These are appreciated only by those who have seen, whose ears have been pierced with the piteous wails of these poor creatures, and whose hearts have been torn with grief in some attempt to alleviate their suffering.

So great is the ignorance of sanitary methods, and especially of the care of infants, that the death rate of infancy is high. Owing to the manner of life the birth rate is very low, so in many sections there are but few children born. At birth a baby girl or boy is given a liberal smearing of palm oil and red powder, doing away with a dainty or elaborate outfit. For several days the tiny mite receives no sustenance save a sip of water poured down its throat, afterward it is nursed by the mother or any friend or neighbor who willingly constitutes herself a wet nurse.

After a few days a jar of cold river water is brought and dashed over the babe, which is placed in a basin or any convenient utensil. If its cries become too frantic a mouthful of the dirty water in the basin is poured down its throat. The babe chokes, of course; the choking puts crying out of the question during the next dash of cold water. Very soon the trouble of carrying water is dispensed with, and the babe is carried to the river, where suspended by an arm or a leg it is successively submerged in the water and is brought out strangling and gasping for breath. Some babies seem to get used to this, and even to like it, while others scream all the way to the stream and all the way back.

The little infant must soon begin to have the tribal markings cut upon her body, else she would be uncomely and undesirable. Her eyelashes must be constantly pulled out, and often vile practices are resorted to in quieting the squirming, writhing child. Thus is its sweet innocence blighted before it ever unfolds, and evil habits are forced upon the unsuspecting babe. In the home there is no privacy, and lessons of personal purity are never taught by precept or example. Before it seems credible these little girls are encouraged to become the constant companion of some boys of their own age, and they are led into sin by means of certain games, which are conducted by some one older. The children to be initiated are taken into the forest with quantities of food as to a picnic, where the games there taught lead them unsuspectingly to sin.

Thus the little girl is being prepared for the life she is to live, and when but a mere child, sometimes not more than eight or ten years old, she is taken away

by her husband. Then she must live with one of his older wives as a handmaid until she is grown to tender young womanhood. Like every little girl, she is a miniature housewife and mother, and follows her mother or mistress to the garden with a tiny basket on her back, returning with it full of firewood or food. In lieu of a doll she has a piece of banana stalk with tribal markings carefully cut on it instead of features. Girls play many little games in motion and song very like kindergarten plays. The "cat's cradle," made with strings on the fingers, is with them a scientific art. They cross and weave these strings into many designs, as ably illustrated and described by Professor Starr, who made it a study.

Childhood is soon past and life is begun in earnest. The full bridal fee is never paid by a man until he is satisfied that the young wife will be to his liking. If she is not, he returns her to her parents and receives his money back. In this way girls are often passed on from one man to another before being accepted as a permanent wife. Even heathen women have confessed that there comes a time when this life of enforced licentiousness is absolutely abhorrent to them. Frequently such a girl runs away and goes back to her mother if she is so fortunate as to have one. The mother, however, is powerless to help her daughter, for her own life is the same and there is no other for either of them. She therefore compels her to return to the husband, to whom she belongs by right of purchase. As there is no other way, the young girl becomes hardened, as did her mother and generations of women before her.

There is one advantage in being a free woman—the daughter or sister of a chief—for then one is not usually married so young. When girls of this rank arrive at maturity they may have a word to say as to whom they shall go.

The life of the ordinary woman or slave is worse than can be described. She may be bought and sold at pleasure, rented out here and there, exchanged for a more desirable wife, and cast out by husband and relatives should disease attack her. A free woman who has borne children is looked upon in her later years as possessing the power of a witch. In such a case only, does a woman have aught to say in the affairs of family or village. These old grandmothers keep alive the superstitions in the minds of children, and are the greatest hindrance to the enlightenment of the people. One such old Jezebel in the village of Bolenge hindered the work not a little. But for her influence her son, the oldest living chief of Bolenge, would have become a Christian. Some of his young wives began to attend the services of the mission, and she tried to frighten them into giving it up. This failing, she watched them like a hawk and forbade their going, but they persisted and one became a Christian. As soon as she heard this the old woman called the older wives of the son together, and told them they must force this girl back to the old life, else their husband would die without having honored her by really making her his wife. A night was set when they awakened the unsuspecting girl and called her to the house of the husband, where they coaxed, cajoled, threatened, and tried to force her to accede to their wishes. Her lips were drawn and she

A procession of heathen women at Bolenge.

stood like adamant, daring to refuse. Suddenly she saw a way of escape and ran to the mission, where she sat out of doors until morning. In a few simple words she told her story and declared her determination never to return. The judge of the district listened to her tale next day and gave her over to the protection of the mission, with the stipulation that whoever should marry her must return the old chief's money. She became one of the most competent girls in the Girl's Home, and later married Bofeko, one of the Christian teachers. Friends at home were interested in her and paid her ransom money.

This is but one of many such cases. This girl's lot was cast where help was near, but what of the poor girls who have none to help and must go ever on and on until hope is dead? Is it any wonder that the light dies out of their faces, and a hopeless despair takes its place, until in old age their haggard, wizened faces lack all expression?

The life of another girl, Buta, is typical of that of all slave wives, though it too was softened by her proximity to the mission. The first we knew of Buta she belonged to a free woman, who left her to a young chief of Bolenge as she was starting on a journey up river. These female slaves constitute the income of their owners, who regularly hire them out for gain. Thus Buta was given to a young man employed as a sentry of the Government up the Bosira. She accompanied him there and was daily forced to see his cruelty. He frequently brained women and children for no cause whatever, just to show his authority and power over them. At the end of the year he found she was to

become a mother and returned her to her master as no longer a suitable mistress for him. Her heathen master was angry, too, and abused her shamefully, because he would thus lose part of his income. Some heathen women seeing her condition called her and advised her, being only a slave, to take certain measures to prevent motherhood. This in her extremity she did. For days and weeks she lay at death's door, but slowly came back to life. In time she became the unhappy mother of a sickly baby boy, who could never know a father. After this she was never well, and her life was made unbearable. Besides all this she contracted yaws, a horrible, tropical skin disease of long duration. The baby in turn contracted the same disease from the mother. Her master drove her from his village, and one of his wives picked up the little boy and dashed him on the ground in front of his mother's eyes. Poor Buta took the little fellow and sought refuge in another distant section of the village. She was given shelter there for a few days, but soon the women and children avoided her and did everything possible to make her move on. The only other place to which she could move seemed to be the river, where she might drown her sorrows. One day, however, she bethought herself of the missionaries and came to them with her pitiful story, which proved to be all too true. There was then no orphanage and no house for girls, so she was given a room in a shed built for housing the sick. Here she lived some time happily, herself and babe receiving daily medical treatment and food. As soon as she was able she learned to sew and helped earn her own living. Little Boimoke, her child, was sickly and backward in talking. He

learned to speak the first words of his own language from the white baby on the mission station. He was her constant playmate and became as blithe and happy as any child.

A little house was moved and made habitable for girls, as a few little tots had at last been given into our care. Buta proved an efficient matron and did her work faithfully. She had grown well and strong again and the whole expression of her face had changed, for she had also entered the new life in Christ. Her old master witnessed the change, and came up boldly demanding his slave, for whom he professed to have a deep and abiding affection. Of course, she did not go. She was sought for by young heathen men, but her unfailing answer was that she was a Christian, and the one to whom she would go must also be a Christian. After a year or so she was legally married to a Christian young man, who was very kind to her and to her child. All went well for a time, but the old life had undermined her health, and the dread sleeping sickness attacked her. She clung tenaciously to life, and for eighteen months battled with the disease. At one time she seemed to have conquered it. After a few months, however, it again developed, and this time ended fatally. Boimoke also became its victim, and they were both removed to the sleeping sickness camp. The afflicted mother watched her little son slowly succumb to the disease, her own faculties being already too benumbed to realize what it meant. He did not linger long, so the mother cared for him herself to the very end away in their isolated house in the forest. Some one went daily to carry them medicine and food and to do what

could be done to mitigate their condition. During all this time Buta never lost faith, and every Lord's Day she was brought to the communion service, then taken back again. She passed away and all felt it was for the best, for her earthly life had been such as to make her fully appreciate the release from suffering in her home beyond. Hers was a life of sorrow, but what would it have been had she not found friends?

The life of a slave wife is not enviable, but it may be quite uneventful, so long as she keeps strong and well, but her life is inexpressibly hard and sad when she loses her health and strength, and in that land where "pestilence walketh at noon-day" few long retain their vigor.

Unquestioning obedience is required of the heathen wives by their husbands. All signs of disrespect or disobedience are promptly met with severe punishment. Such a one may be cruelly beaten, and in the early days, stocks in the shape of beautifully carved pillars were built in the houses of chiefs. Here the hands of the obdurate wife or slave were pinioned while she received the stripes of a scourge made of dried hippopotamus hide, every stroke of which cut into the quivering flesh. This punishment is sometimes varied by use of the slave stick. This consists of a good-sized pole or log with a natural fork at one end. The woman's neck is placed in this fork and a wooden pin driven through behind, giving almost no room for movement of the head. This stick is braced in the ground, and thus with her head pinioned and upturned to the blazing sun she may be forced to remain for days. Even food and water are refused, and the unsanitary

conditions become indescribable. All this to make a wife more dutiful and lovable to her devoted husband!

The picture drawn is dark enough, and yet much can not be painted. It is a relief to look upon a contrasting picture with brighter lights and a happier subject.

CHAPTER V

Superstitions of the Congo People

The Nkundos have a vague idea of a supreme being who created the world. Everything in nature not understood by them is attributed to Nzakomba, God. Abnormalities and deformities in children they consider due to Him. He is capable, in their mind, of good or evil, and they neither supplicate nor fear him. Their attitude is one of ignorance, and therefore of indifference. They have departed so far from any definite belief in God that natural phenomena as the thunder, lightning, the falling of a tree, and even minor incidents have in them a superstitious element. Such phenomena are not thought to be caused by any outside influence, but are moved by some mysterious hidden force within themselves, as a spirit. The most civilized man of strongest nerve would have to spend but one night alone in that great forest, with myriad weird, uncanny sounds and unearthly cries until he, too, would feel that there were spirits there. Sometimes these strange sounds are as of some one in distress; again as though spirits of the dead were signaling all around, in voices low, then high. These seem to the natives to be the spirits of the dead, come to pour out their woes and to wreak vengeance on those who killed them, or cast them forth to starve and die. Sometimes after

a long period in Africa these sounds get so on the nerves of a white person that one wakens out of a sound sleep in the dead of night, with a peculiar sensation of fear, only to hear a repetition of some hideous, prolonged hoot or wail. It is not even satisfying to find out that these proceed from owls, lemurs, jackals, and even crocodiles, the latter being most unearthly of all. We, then, who profess to have no fear, and yet who involuntarily shudder, need not feign surprise at the superstitious fears of the heathen.

As a product and outgrowth of this pure superstition, has come their belief in ancestral spirits. These spirits are capable of returning in any form to wreak vengeance on their enemies, to destroy crops, and to take away the spirits of children. In fact, the native sees no limit to their power for bringing harm. Consequently the funeral ceremonies and orgies are prolonged and intricate, and often horrible. There is always the funeral procession of wailing mourners, professionals often being hired to assist. These mourners go about the streets of their own and neighboring towns telling in a mournful cry of the decease and any incidents concerning it which would be of interest. Once heard, this hopeless, despairing cry can never be forgotten. Should the deceased be a woman in the prime of life, the women of the nearby villages, dressed in all the blankets and valuable possessions procurable, march from town to town chanting her praises. They afterward pile quantities of food in front of the house occupied by the deceased. This is done to appease her spirit for having to leave her own gardens so soon, and to prevent its returning to destroy all theirs. But

should the deceased be a warrior, a sham-battle may be carried on for days to satisfy his spirit lest it, too, return to destroy the people. Night is the realm of these spirits, so for weeks and weeks a drum is beaten all night long to keep them from returning. The mourners meanwhile fast and dress in deep mourning. This costume, which consists of the oldest, blackest cloth obtainable, they must wear during all the long period of mourning. Thus some of the civilized customs can be traced to heathen origin. They think that the spirit of a mother often returns for a child. In the village of Bolenge not long ago a mother died, leaving a little daughter. One night some of the native school children came up to the Mission Bungalow in very high spirits, convulsed with laughter, saying the husband and father was hurling firebrands into the back garden to drive his wife's spirit away from coming to take the child. These heathen children had come to realize the fallacy of this belief, but to him it was real and awful. Night after night he kept up these methods, but without avail, for the child slowly sickened and died. Out of this superstition doubtless grew the human sacrifice at the death of a chief. Slaves and wives were cast into the grave with their arms and legs broken, and upon this living, writhing bed the corpse was lowered. Then others were thrown in to cover it, before filling the grave with earth. Their implements for digging are few, and consequently the graves are shallow. In a village not far from Bolenge one of these sacrificial victims crawled out. During the night he painfully dragged himself with his broken, bleeding members to the next village, where they found him next day. So

great was their belief in the supernatural that they dared not touch him, but gave him whatever he asked for. For years he lived in this way, hopelessly crippled, for no one dared help to straighten the broken bones.

A chief died near Bolenge, and immediately afterward a man-eating crocodile appeared in the little Bolenge bay. During a few weeks it carried off some fifteen people. This was believed to be the spirit of the dead chief returning for vengeance, because some one in the village had not respected him. Thus between God and man there are vast numbers of spirits for which they have an intense fear. F. S. Dobbins expresses it thus: "To their imaginations these spirits people the darkness with hideous shapes, poison the light with their presence, sweep over the plains in the form of wild beasts, fill the forests, inhabit trees, make their homes in the sea, the lakes, and rivers; the air is full of them, the earth teems with them; fire is not free from their presence. To them they attribute the sorrows, and the sufferings, the misfortunes, and in some cases the deaths of mankind."

Besides the belief in ancestral spirits there is also a strong belief in demons, which may inhabit a man or woman, causing them to exercise a malevolent influence in the village, thus bringing sudden unknown diseases and death. This has been regarded as witchcraft, though in reality the person having this evil power is always spoken of as having a demon or devil. The effect is the same as in supposed witchcraft, and the unfortunate person is sought out and punished. This is one of the most cruel of their practices, for it is so unjust. This superstition differs widely from the

real demoniacal possession wherein the person himself is the object of the demoniacal demonstrations. In the early days of the work the missionaries saw many of these Satanic manifestations, strikingly similar to those of New Testament times. This strange affliction, as well as all disease, is attributed by the natives to the influence of spirits. In women this takes the form of very strange actions. These women will suddenly spring up and run like wild animals, quickly climb into the tallest trees, and threaten to hurl themselves down. Then they may as suddenly throw themselves into the water. Examples of such possession have been frequent in history. One such was that of the nuns of Cambrai, who were seized with demonomania "and for four years ran like dogs across the country, sprang into the air like birds, climbed trees like cats, hung on the branches, imitated the cries of animals, and divined hidden things."

The product of their superstitious beliefs in spirits and demons is the medicine man, or witch doctor, as he is commonly called, and his practice of fetichism. One could not exist without the other, and they bear the same relation as patient, doctor, and medicine. This medicine man must be the shrewdest and most intelligent man of his tribe, to be able to deceive the mass of the people into belief in his prophecies, incantations, and auguries. A fetich is more properly spoken of *as medicine.* This is the only word for medicine, and is used thus by medical missionaries. A fetich is some material object or concoction made by the medicine man, which is thought to possess supernatural power. This does not necessitate its being the habita-

CONGO CURIOS.

These were all collected near Bolenge. 1. Execution knife with charmed handle; 2. pipe, not an evidence of civilization, but a relic of heathenism; 3. battle-ax of the Kassai (tributary to Congo); 4. ten brass rods, whose relative value each is ten cents, but whose cost value is one cent; 5. a fetish to protect from sickness, etc.; 6. a witch-doctor's bell, which he rattles to drive out evil spirits—his medicine case; 7. a lower Congo (river) fetish to protect as 5; 8. a fetish to protect from evil spirits and sickness; 9. a great chief's knife of authority, used to execute victims for the cannibal feasts; 10. brass collar, worn by Bonjenje, now a Christian; 11. hair-comb, made of bamboo splits tied with rattan—hair combed once a fortnight; 12. an individual spoon (teaspoon), hewn from wood; 14. a wooden pillow, native hewn; 15. a native Bolenge woman's dress; 16. a man's suit of clothes, a strip of raffia cloth; 17. fancy piece of raffia cloth made in hand loom by native weaver, thread by thread.

tion of a spirit, but it is only a charm. The possessor does not trust it implicitly, for he may have several, when one, if reliable, would do for all. A man procures a medicine or fetich to help him in hunting, to protect him from sickness, or to aid him against his enemies. Yet when pneumonia enters a village, the one already possessing medicine to charm away all disease hastens to the medicine man for a stronger protection. Fetiches may also be procured to bring disease or destruction to an enemy. A man may procure a medicine which he hides in a path, that all who pass over it may suddenly be stricken with some disease. Such an instance really occurred on the mission station in the early days, and all the workmen and villagers were alarmed. One less superstitious than the others dared to report it to the white man. He promptly sought out the offender, and, after a liberal application of the fatal medicine to his body, bade him throw it in the river.

In the case of supposed witchcraft the witch-doctor is again called upon, though sometimes there is a specialist sought, who is called the Witch-doctor of Demons. He is supposed to have affiliation with these spirits of darkness and to be able to discern the witch. The whole town is assembled, and the medicine man, bedecked with feathers and carrying a staff having a bell on one end, begins to dance and chant his mummeries. He continues this until he falls down in a faint or trance, in which he is supposed to see the offender or witch. After a time, while all are waiting in suspense, he suddenly springs up and cries out the name of some man or woman. This always proves to

be one who is at enmity with the family upon whom the sudden disease or calamity has fallen. He always inquires beforehand if there is any one whom they suspect, and this is the opportunity for them to avenge themselves on an enemy or stranger in the village. The culprit is dragged forth, and, as a final test, takes a poisonous draught, which will prove his guilt or innocence. He is seized with convulsions if guilty, and is simply nauseated if innocent. This gives the friends of the suspected person a chance to bribe the witch-doctor. If the bribe is sufficiently munificent he will substitute an emetic in place of poison. Then, if one is found innocent, the whole procedure must be repeated until the guilty one is found. When proved guilty a post mortem examination is held, and if any abnormality be found, such as a tumor, the proof of his having been a witch is sufficient and undeniable. The poison test is also given for stealing, sometimes being put into the eyes, causing blindness and often death from the agony.

However, when an attempt is made to heal one having demoniacal possession, the method is very different. This possession sometimes takes a certain form causing the one possessed to dance. She is forced to keep on dancing until she falls down in a dead faint. This resembles the strange occurrence at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1374, where on a mid-summer's day a troop of men and women rushed into the city, and in the public square and churches danced with the utmost violence for hours, till at last they sank to the ground exhausted. This ceased when an order for banishment was proclaimed. It re-appeared in Strasburg in 1418, and the afflicted, according to Paracelsus,

could do nothing but dance until they were dead or cured. A case similar to this was that of a young woman of Bolenge who was thus possessed, and whom they nightly compelled to keep on dancing until one night they thought she was dead and called the missionaries to bring her to life again.

The hairs of an elephant's tail, when prepared with a special charm attached, are considered very valuable in exorcising this spirit. When the possession takes other forms various expedients are resorted to, if the afflicted be of special value to the husband or master. Enormous sums are paid out to various witch-doctors and the woman is put through all manner of tests to remove the demon. As a last resort a pit is digged and filled with water, into which the woman is put to drown the demon. She is completely submerged, the medicine man keeping her head under by placing his foot on it until she is nearly drowned. Then she is hauled out and drums are beaten. If she recover the demon is exorcised, and that is the end of the possession. It is noteworthy that slaves and women of secondary importance are never thus afflicted.

At the time of the Reformation, the power of casting out devils was claimed, like the power of working miracles, as one of the tests of the Catholic Church. It has been universal to attribute nervous maladies and mysterious diseases to demoniacal agencies. Modern spiritualism is a present-day example of the same thing, and presupposes a belief in spirits.

In treating ulcers, a spirit in the form of a serpent is drawn from the ulcer to the astonished gaze of the onlookers, though a close observer might have detected

it beforehand wound up in grass in the witch-doctor's medicine case. For internal diseases, bits of hair, nails, a bit of old cloth, and various horrible ingredients make up the medicine. This is put into a tiny antelope horn and suspended from the neck of the patient. Charmed bracelets are worn for rheumatism. The many treatments for diseases would fill several large volumes. All are deceit and trickery.

Aside from ancestral spirits and evil demons, the Nkundo natives believe in another class of spirits or good demons, which bring good luck and prosperity. The natives do not willingly speak of any of these things. Until there is a native church freed from these beliefs by a knowledge of the true God and His relation to those whom He has created, the real secret ideas of their life can never be ascertained. A native always denies everything of the sort when asked about it. Our knowledge of the good spirit is the most indefinite because of reluctance of the natives to speak of them to an outsider. We know, however, that each family has one such, which may be in the form of a crocodile or other animal, but which is known to members of that family only. In the secret hours of the night this good spirit is supposed to bring canoe loads, or huge baskets of currency, or new wives and slaves. If there is aught of the idea of worship still existing in the minds of these people, it is connected with these their personal, guardian spirits. They are the only agents believed to bring them good and not evil. If the only result obtained by missionary efforts were the dispelling of these myriad superstitions and dark beliefs, the efforts would be amply justified and rewarded.

CHAPTER VI

A Search for Words

As noted before, the languages of the different tribes composing the Bantu race are remarkably similar at some points. This proves the kinship of all the tribes more than their features, their religious ideas, or manner of life. The more closely one studies this family of languages, the more he is impressed with its beauty, flexibility, and wondrous power of expression. These languages are soft, flowing, and very musical. The grammatical forms are remarkably regular and systematic. Certain general principles underlie all these languages. The languages differ in vocabulary, so that one tribe will not understand another; just as the English, German, and French, though belonging to the same language family, are mutually unintelligible.

One of the most distinguishing features of this family of languages is an alliterative prefix to the noun stems, and, as a particle, is prefixed to words or clauses. This is a particular letter or syllable which occurs throughout the sentence, and is the only means by which the agreement of words in a sentence is shown. This is called a Concording Prefix. There are from eight to eleven classes of nouns in each language, divided according to singular and plural prefixes. Lon-

kundo, the language of the Nkundos, has been divided into eleven classes, which could be condensed into eight but for the difficulty to the learner. Take this clause from the Lord's prayer: "Jikulaka jike jiye;" that is, Thy kingdom come; "ji" is in jike, *thy,* and jiye, *come.*

These languages, though similar in construction, differ so widely that every one must be studied separately, as French and English must be. When the mission at Bolenge was taken over, very little had been done on the language, and that little was so imperfect that it had to be put aside. Since that time our missionaries have been slowly working at a grammar and various translations. This has been difficult when the work itself has demanded so much time and strength that little was left for this important task. After ten years a small beginning has been made. A Synopsis of the Lonkundo Language, a translation of the Gospels, several Epistles, some Old Testament stories, and several school books have been completed. The work needing to be done is appalling, and the best linguists of the day would here find ample scope for all their powers.

The learning of the language was begun under great difficulties. It was a long time before the missionaries could speak intelligibly, yet learn they must and did. Note-books and pencils were painfully evident, as day by day words were noted down, spelled according to Roosevelt, phonetically, and their supposed meanings appended. Many mistakes were unavoidably made, especially in verb forms, where the language is so flexible. Many words are alike, save for a difference in accent, or tone, or vowel sound, and

this was not easy to detect. For instance, *meka* may mean to try or to groan; *somba,* to buy or to borrow; *emba,* to bend over, to sing, or to blow the nose; *jidongo,* a drop of blood, or a line, or a row; *nkoto,* a centipede, or one thousand; *aoya,* he is coming, will come, or has come; *ikokongo,* a small cockroach, a small dish, a small leaf, or an unspeakable curse. These all differ in some way, but it takes years to train the ear to hear and the memory to retain all of these fine distinctions. The student often becomes discouraged, but the language is so intensely interesting that these difficulties but spur him on to master it. The reader must understand that these people have no written language whatever. The missionaries must first learn their spoken language, and then make for them a written language from it.

Lonkundo, like the other languages, is euphonic, and many unique changes are made for euphony, though always according to rule. More elisions occur than in any other of this family of languages. A native seldom, if ever, speaks a sentence in full. Here also definite principles and rules underlie each elision of a letter or syllable, though some of these principles have been difficult to formulate and classify.

The verb, as in other very primitive languages, expresses by varied forms much that in modern languages is expressed by prepositions, adverbs, adjectives, and clauses. The possible forms, combinations of forms, conjugations, and derivatives of one verb would easily fill a volume.

There is little difficulty experienced in discovering concrete names, but when searching for abstract ideas

or qualities the student seems working against a blank wall. It was some years before the word for salvation was discovered, and then accidentally by overhearing some one speaking of another being saved from drowning. Many different expressions were used for repentance before the right one was found, such expressions as: *to turn the back on, to turn around completely,* having been made to do this duty before. The idea of patience, like many of these abstractions, is not in every-day use, and not until the Epistle of James was being translated for the Evangelists' Class, in 1906, was this valuable word found.

There is a paucity of words expressing morality or the nobler virtues. The life of the people has had little to do with these virtues, hence their inability to put these ideas into words. There is no word for virtue, neither is there one for virgin; so *ebunani* has had to be used for the latter. It means a girl or woman living with her parents, without a husband at the time, though she may have had many. It refers simply to her single state without reference to her morality. Yet here as in other instances, and doubtless as in the translation of the Bible into our own and other languages, a secular word can readily be converted into a sacred use. There is really then no idea which can not be expressed, and often far more forcibly and poetically than in English. Those who have learned to speak and to think in this language feel there are vast possibilities of development as time goes on.

The natives have no surname, though their name is often changed when passing out of childhood. After the birth of a first-born son or daughter the father

and mother are honorably called the father or mother of said child. In polygamy it would be rather ambiguous for a man to speak of his wife as Mrs., and would remind one of Mark Twain shaking hands collectively with the wife of Brigham Young. Frequently a name runs down through a family, both girls and boys being called by it. Then again a child may be called after some noted appellation of the father, as *Iyokansombo,* the faithful medical assistant at Bolenge, whose father was a famous hunter of wild boars, whence his name. Slaves are almost always given some nick-name, after which their own name, if they ever had one, is forever forgotten. Some of these names are *leopard, parrot, elephant, hippopotamus, monkey, a piece of pepper,* and so on. Those who were bought to be sacrificed at the death of their husband or master were then and there given names which meant *taboo,* or set apart. These were compelled to live, always knowing what their death would be should they survive their master.

When missionaries arrive one of the first things the natives do is to find applicable names for them. These are usually very appropriate as: *Strong man, Clever artisan, Tall man, Breaker of forests, Chief of witch-doctors, Favorite wife, Twin, Last born, Glasses, Grandfather,* etc.

The native literature, though unwritten, is very rich in historical tales. They have folk-lore tales which outrival those of Joel Chandler Harris, and proverbs without number. Some of the latter have been collected and translated by our missionaries, and have been made into an interesting leaflet called "Proverbs of Upper

Congo Tribes," by Prof. Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago. The natives are born orators, and certain of them excel in story-telling. Some of the historic tales, which savor of their previous proximity to other nations, require several long evenings to relate. At such a time a whole village will be gathered around the camp fire listening as the story is recited, often in song. One of these is the life story of a wonderful man who was born in an extraordinary way and whose whole life was spent in miraculous doings. This seems to savor of a far back, indistinct knowledge of the Christ. Another is the tale of two brothers, one of whom was sold into slavery far from home, and who there became a favorite of his master. Later his elder brother came to redeem him, but he refused, saying he had a good home and a wife and did not desire to return, being well content with his lot. However, soon after his master dies, and he who refused freedom and redemption was sacrificed at the master's death, meanwhile deeply repenting and lamenting his lack of wisdom. The native evangelists recite these tales in their original and interesting way in preaching to heathen audiences. When the interest is strong and excitement high, they will liken the tale to the teachings of Christ the Son of God. This carries the truth home with a power none can gainsay. It is the same with the native proverbs, many of them being peculiarly applicable. A good preacher, whether native or missionary, makes frequent use of them to impress the lesson being taught or to intensify a strong point.

Naturally these people learn to love the parables and miracles of Christ and use them most effectively,

often showing great originality in thought and application.

Recently a pamphlet by Charles J. Montgomery, entitled "Survivors From the Cargo of the Negro Slave Yacht 'Wanderer,'" has called our notice to the characteristic features of the Bantu language, which helps to prove the kinship of that race. It is the account of the pleasure yacht "Wanderer," which ended its career as a slaver, bringing to the United States, in 1858, a cargo of slaves from Africa. This was half a century after the importation of slaves into the States had been forbidden. Many of these slaves were totally unlike those previously brought, and from what the few who still survive can remember of their native language, it is proved beyond a doubt that they were Bantus, taken from the section now occupied by the Belgian Colony of the Congo. Many of their words are identical with the languages spoken in Lower Congo. Many of these were lighter in color than the Negro, less given to thieving, but unwilling to wear clothing or to discontinue polygamy. Some even now would like to return to their old home.

Let these few remnants of that race in our own country be a constant, unceasing appeal to all Christendom, to carry the gospel of freedom to the Congo home of these people, where the race is still bound in a worse slavery. May the ships of peace carry the messengers of life until the Bible shall be translated into every language of this greatest family of languages; until all shall have heard in their own tongue wherein they were born, the wondrous message of redeeming love!

CHAPTER VII

The Evangel of Medicine

The first great victory of medical missions on the Congo was when the witch-doctor was overcome. The witch-doctor, as the Medicine-man, is both doctor and exorcist in this system of demon religion. It will readily be seen that the whole life of the superstitious heathen is bound up in this great high priest of medicine. He makes all the charms to protect the people from evil spirits, or to cure their sickness. Before aught can be done to bring the people to truer views, they must first be convinced of the utter falsity of the witch-doctors. At first this would seem an impossibility. Alexander Campbell, in his address on Demonology, says: "That a class of beings designated demons has been an element of the faith, an object of dread and veneration, of all ages and nations, as far back as memory reaches, no one who believes in a spiritual system—no one who regards the volumes of divine inspiration, or who is even partially acquainted with Pagan and Jewish antiquity, can reasonably doubt." All noted Pagan authors: the Jewish historians, Josephus and Philo; the Christian fathers, Justin Martyr, and others, all confirm this. Thus the whole world had a definite belief in the existence of familiar spirits and demons, as proved by ancient literature and tradi-

tion. The beginning of the overthrow of this faith was the life and teaching of the heralds of salvation, who from the first day of their mission to the last cast out demons and in every way hindered and restrained the influence of Satan. Thus the power of demons is destroyed as far as Christians are concerned, and is restrained in every land where the gospel has entered. In this respect Africa is the Dark Continent, where the reign of the demon is still a reality.

It was that first great medical missionary who broke the enchantment, drove the demons out of the hearts of men, and destroyed their power as he brought healing for body and soul. In every land the story is the same, and long before human science can be understood by the primitive mind, the gospel has driven demons away, and thus broken the power of the (spirit) doctor. No agency is more potent in this day, even as in the days of the Son of man, than the medical missionary. Nowhere is this more apparent than at Bolenge and in the surrounding territory.

At Bolenge resided the most famous of witch-doctors. To this witch-doctor resorted the whole country for hundreds of miles. Before the coming of the missionary, his authority and power were unquestioned, and his name, Bonkanza, was a household word.

Bonkanza's life was a rare combination of trickery and deceit, with geniality and hospitality. His was a family of the real nobility, being intelligent, shrewd, and possessing rare insight. His own mother had excelled the other women of her tribe in wisdom and tender-heartedness, a characteristic rare in a heathen woman. Old Bonkanza, with almost prophetic vision,

saw in the coming of the white man ultimate good for his race. He impressed upon his children, to the day of his death, the importance of their ever being friends of the missionaries and accepting their teaching. He did not then realize that it meant the eventual overthrow of his power.

So, for a long time, this old man, stately and self-possessed, tried to keep up the practice of his nefarious profession and yet be a friend of the missionary, resenting interference with his practice, but not dreaming that his authority or skill could be questioned. Some time before the advent of our own missionaries at Bolenge old Bonkanza had been convinced of his defeat, as the white man's medicine had proved stronger than his, and he surrendered graciously, burning the contents of his charmed medicine case, and desiring himself to become a Christian. The question, however, of his multitudinous wives and slaves caused him to hesitate, though he offered to give them all to his eldest son. He, however, never again took up the practice of medicine, and lived up to the light as he saw it.

In the early days of the Livingstone Inland Mission the pioneers had redeemed many slaves, and these constituted a small colony, with whom they worked until such time as they could get a hold on the native residents of the village. Being under the direct surveillance and care of the missionary, these boys and girls professed their faith in their rescuer's religion, and were organized into a little church, but upon the influence of the missionary being taken away, or in time of temptation, these young folks fell away and went back to heathenism worse than before. This did not

recommend Christianity to the heathen at large, and sad days came upon the little mission. The eldest son of old Bonkanza, Bosekola by name, saw his opportunity and took up the mantle laid off by his father, and began the practice of medicine or fetichism in his father's stead, finding a large practice awaiting him.

So at the beginning of our work here was a power for evil not easily to be set aside, for Bosekola had determined to let nothing interfere with his lucrative profession. The natives had become suspicious of the white man's medicine, and if in an extremity they came to him, they always turned to ask for a "dash" or gift, feeling they had done the white doctor a favor deserving of remuneration. It was like daring to take a poison test at the risk of their life. Little by little their confidence was gained, as horrible, incurable ulcers responded to strong germicides and disinfectants. They stood amazed as fevers and chills subsided. These were diseases thought to be caused by spirits and demon possession. They soon gave way to systematic treatment as the wonderful power of santonine was revealed. For years all treatments and medical services were, as in New Testament days, given free of charge, to win the confidence of the people and to give an opportunity to prepare the soil for sowing the seed of the Kingdom.

In the meantime Bosekola was neither dead nor sleeping, but following up everywhere he could as the sower of tares, trying to nourish the old superstitions, and warning the patients of the white doctor of their immediate death if they persisted in his treatments. At one time one of the mission workmen was seized

with pneumonia. Bosekola saw his chance. In happening to pass the house of the patient, Ise Yela, he stopped to tell him that as he was passing through the forest that day he had seen one lone fruit on a tree, and that when this fruit fell, he, the sick man, would surely die. Ise Yela was frightened and thoroughly believed his death knell had been sounded, so great is their superstitious belief in signs. News of this came to the white man's ears, however, and Bosekola was sent for and compelled to remain at the Mission Bungalow until he told the people that the curse he had pronounced was untrue. This he finally did before many witnesses. This was not sufficient to remove the fear of death from the mind of the patient. As something had to be done quickly to restore his confidence, a liberal application of blistering and a large dose of santonine was administered. Both of these had the desired effect, and the wisdom of the white doctor triumphed over the craftiness of the witch-doctor. As predicted by the medical missionary, a huge tumor (a blister) appeared suddenly on one side of the patient, from which a large quantity of water exuded, and besides the promised effect of the santonine was sure. So Ise Yela felt the demon had been exorcised, and that he would recover. Of course great care was taken of him for many days, but the tide was turned. He came to know the deceit practiced upon him by the witch-doctor, and gave up his faith in him from that hour. This was the beginning of the downfall of Bosekola at Bolenge, though he still practiced his trickery in the distant villages.

About a year after this, while the white doctor and

An African Witch-doctor.

his wife and baby girl were alone on the station, old Bonkanza, the father, came one day in great excitement, begging the doctor to come see his wife who was in a precarious condition. Every heathen method had failed to relieve. Seizing his medicine cases and bag of instruments the young doctor hastened to her relief and in a short time returned, followed by a crowd of admiring natives. The case had been a simple one, but the result meant more than any one then dreamed of; for it gained the real gratitude of old Bonkanza and his family. This was the opening long desired to bring medical relief to womankind. Many of the heathen practices to which expectant mothers are subjected by the old midwives are too horrible to relate, but from this time we were always called in cases of emergency. The power of surgery was especially efficacious in undermining superstition.

Ever afterward Bosekola himself would bring any member of his own family to the doctor for treatment. One evening he came and seated himself beside us on the front veranda, and spoke confidentially of his life. He said: "I will not practice in Bolenge any more, this is your parish. I know my practice is all lies and deceit, and when I or my wives are sick we will come to you, but, of course, when they call me far away, I will not despise the money and refuse."

Old Bonkanza died, and Bosekola was not left long to pursue the profession he freely confessed was fraudulent. He never forsook his practice. Before he died, being smitten with sleeping sickness, he called to him his younger brother Njoji, to whom he consigned all his costumes and his charmed medicine bag, and explained

to him all his secrets, admonishing him to take up the practice and keep up the family name. How Njoji followed the instructions of his elder brother will be told in a later chapter, being the story of a wondrous transformation.

Belief in demons, witch-doctors, and fetiches had received a deathblow in that locality, though it was strong as ever where the missionaries had not gone, and still is, and will ever be until the gospel has been carried to the remotest man. Their manner of life renders them an easy prey to every form of loathsome disease, and now that superstitious barriers were broken down, this afforded and still affords the medical missionary a great opportunity to make an opening for the gospel. As Bolenge had for years the only medical missionary within a radius of eight hundred miles in any direction, his services were in demand by missionaries, government officials, traders, Catholic priests, and sisters, as well as natives.

On account of the treacherous climate there are fewer medical missionaries in Congo than in almost any other occupied mission field, yet nowhere are they so much needed. The policy of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society to send a doctor or doctors to every new station opened is a wise one. May the medical volunteers of America rise to meet this great opportunity, and enter this wide field of service!

Whereas a few short years ago the natives asked pay for taking the white doctor's medicine, they now come a hundred miles by canoe and three and four hundred of miles by steamer for treatment, gladly paying for the same. This ministry of healing has been a

great factor in reaching the hearts of the heathen, for while relieving their miseries, the missionary relates to them the story of the Great Physician, who while He came to heal the souls of mankind, also ministered to their suffering, diseased bodies. It is a singularly appealing message to them.

Sleeping sickness, the great scourge of the Congo, is a menace to the white residents as well as to the natives. Sleeping sickness, or African lethargy, is localized in the tropical belt of Africa, being especially severe in the Congo Basin and Uganda Protectorate. During the last few years it has attracted the attention of all the world from the rapid and ravaging extent of its influence. In the Congo and in Uganda, where it was unknown nine years ago, it has depopulated whole towns and sections with a relentlessness and horror second only to the terrible slave-raiding expeditions.

For years the cause of this strange disease was unknown, but Sleeping Sickness Commissions were sent to Uganda and to Congo, and the cause was demonstrated to be a microscopic blood parasite called a trypanosome. The transmitting agency of this parasite is a blood-sucking fly—the tsetse—which injects the blood thus obtained into the next victim, who in turn develops the disease. The tsetse has very much the same relation to sleeping sickness that the mosquito has to malaria, except that the tsetse is a mere carrying agent, the parasite being transmitted by the probosis, while the malaria germ develops in the stomach of the mosquito before being transmitted.

The symptoms as described by Dr. Dye are, "apathy

and listlessness to an extreme degree. Patients possess an inordinate appetite, and as a cruel irony of their condition they beg for food when they are so weak and drowsy that they can not eat it. Later on they simply lie in a profound stupor. Some cases become terribly emaciated, veritable walking skeletons, while others are dropsical. Swelling of the lymphatic glands is a constant symptom, and the native medicine man in some parts of the country considers the latter to be the cause of the disease, and often cuts out the diseased glands. The drowsiness is not real sleep, but anemia caused by the constantly increasing presence of trypanosomes in the blood, destroying the red blood corpuscles. This impoverishment of the blood causes many attending skin diseases, and a general breaking down of the whole system."

For years death was the invariable termination of this dread disease, some lingering two years or more, others dying in a few months. It was thought for years that white people were immune. This fondly cherished hope was vain, however, for now it is known that some who died during those years of mysterious diseases undoubtedly had sleeping sickness. Often the trypanosome causes a fever which is called trypanosomal fever or trypanosomiasis, which in this initial stage is curable in black or white by the use of some preparation of arsenic strong enough to destroy the parasite without killing the patient. Some have recovered who had reached a late stage in its development. Some recover for a time, only to pass away quickly a little later. Many of the most beloved and trusted helpers in the mission and church at Bolenge have been

taken with this disease, in every case without a murmur or word of complaint. Our own hearts have been bleeding as it has become necessary to segregate these dearly beloved men, women, and children, taking them to the isolation camp; but how gloriously have they witnessed of their faith in that trying hour as they bade us not to grieve, for their salvation was assured and death would admit them to the promised heaven above.

Here again superstition creeps out, for the heathen were sure the white man brought the disease, and therefore attributed it to certain imported fruits and other eatables. The Catholic catechists took advantage of this superstition, and told wherever they went that when the English teachers bade them shut their eyes to pray they were bringing sleeping sickness upon them. Many such ideas became prevalent, and the natives would not come to the doctor for treatment, but would hide the victims in the inner rooms of their houses, thus spreading the disease. When, however, some saw for themselves the living parasite through the microscope, or wonderful mirror of the white man, as they called it, they began to feel that he knew more about it than they. After a time it became necessary to place a restriction on the number of those desiring to have their blood examined. After this a fowl was the fee for such examination, but so great was their desire to know for sure if they had even a beginning of the dread malady, that fowls were plentiful and might be seen carried down the path, suspended by a string attached to their legs, or languidly squawking on the grass while their owners awaited the doctor. Some-

times it was most depressing to see a canoe load of sufferers, perhaps several, coming from an infested district, where nearly all the people were dead or dying. These remaining survivors would come with huge pots of palm oil, ducks, fowls, eggs, bamboo mats, and even goats, to see if the famous white doctors could cure them and arrest the progress of the disease in their village. How hard it is to turn some away without hope of recovery, but then again is the way opened to preach to them of a sure hope and ultimate eternal recovery and healing by faith in the Son of God, who died that they might have life.

Thus by word and by deed the gospel finds lodgment, for as ever the higher nature is reached by the lower. Though the native can not understand books or literature, he can fully appreciate the alleviation of suffering and restoration to life. In this way the hearts of the people are prepared to receive spiritual truth and the gospel seed finds good soil prepared for its planting. The seed sown has brought forth a hundred-fold, and "the fields are white already unto the harvest."

CHAPTER VIII

The Gospel Through the Day School

The common definition of a school is, "An institution for learning; especially a place of elementary instruction." This latter clause fittingly describes the early school at Bolenge. If there be degrees in the truly elementary, ours would have been called most elementary. The real aim of the school in those earliest days was not so much to teach the native children the science of writing and reading their heretofore spoken words and thoughts, but rather to assist the missionary to learn enough of their spoken language to begin to teach.

Methods were crude in the extreme; but a safe beginning was made on the alphabet. It was interesting to see the various groups, proudly designated classes, standing or seated on the grass, repeating aloud line after line of the new, strange characters. Their memories are phenomenal, and in a short time they knew every letter from first to last, and last back to first, but strange to say they could not tell one from another. They have little artistic ability, and it required a strong imagination to see in their nondescript scrawls a faint likeness to the written copy. They made some progress, and it was well their progress was not greater, else they would have surpassed their

teachers. After a visit to a neighboring mission some ninety miles away, a new system of syllables was instituted, which soon took the place of the old and proved more efficient. As there were no suitable school books yet, words and short sentences were printed on large cards. These they first learned, and then transcribed on bits of broken slate. After this they made more rapid strides toward a knowledge of the two R's, the third one not having been introduced much as yet.

The nucleus of the school consisted mostly of boys who came primarily to work for the missionaries. These constituted a kind of boarding-school, the boys living on the station and receiving their food and clothing from the mission. They attended school one-half day and worked the other half. There were few if any girls in those early days, their parents and masters refusing to let them come, as they were all promised to men of other villages for wives. They feared the girls coming to the white man's school might interfere with these matrimonial arrangements, and as these girls constituted their investments, nothing must interfere. For a time the commissaire of equator district compelled the children to come to school. During that period there were large numbers who came. Often in times of high water many of these had to wade through swamps or to come with canoes.

As fast as possible other elementary branches were introduced and the school made a creditable advance. The schoolhouse was the chapel, seated with rude benches without backs. There was but one small blackboard. The outside pupils were attired in a thick coat of red camwood powder, with a scanty loin cloth as an

accessory. The mission boys, however, wore neat little suits of navy blue drill, so their more elaborately dressed relatives and friends from the villages were forced to sit on the floor. This because the color from their gaudy, red wardrobe made an indelible impression in coming in contact with the less pretentious garments of the others. At the beginning of school each day there was the customary show of hands, which was often followed by a mad rush to the river—clean hands were always demanded. As the teacher walked over the floor often a crackling sound would proceed from beneath his feet. This would necessitate the still hunt for the pupil who had "chiggers" in his feet. These were not found to be the harmless little creature of America, but a more energetic relative, who burrows into the flesh, and there secretes a sack of eggs. If these are not skillfully removed they will all hatch inside the cavity and many more sacks will soon be formed. This sometimes continues until whole toes and sides of the feet and heels are eaten away. It seems rather too much of an exertion for some children to take care of these, so they prefer to let their feet be eaten off. These eggs often rattle out of the dry sores, and lie around ready to enter the feet of the one who treads on them, or be crushed by those who are fortunate enough to possess shoes.

The hair of all the village pupils was dressed as has been described in an early chapter, and sometimes the heat would thaw out the inhabitants, so that the kindly offices of some nearby pupil were instantly demanded to search out and exterminate the lively occupants. Of course, others immediately felt the need of a

like service, and great was their astonishment at being requested by the missionary to desist.

Children with huge ulcers and sores would sit with a small bamboo switch deftly keeping off the offending flies. It was not long until a clinic was held especially for the school children. After this a white bandage proudly worn lent contrast to the toilet. Proud, indeed, was that lad who could have a white band around his leg, or even a fleecy bit of cotton wool held on by adhesive plaster.

Many things were consequently taught besides reading, writing, and arithmetic, and infinite patience was demanded at all times. The school at Bolenge is yet elementary compared with the public schools of America, but considering the conditions existing in the early days, what a wonderful advance has been made! The long lines of old and young who respond to the ringing of the school bell now, are neat and clean. Most of them are dressed, but those who have little clothing are clean, as they come dripping from their morning plunge in the river. The hair is worn short, and little bamboo combs keep it neat and tidy. The floors and seats are scrubbed with plenty of water once a week and the whole building swept daily.

Though the work thus instituted was fraught with much discouragement, there were even in these early days some signs of far-reaching influence. The natives were naturally superstitious of anything written on paper. Knowing nothing of a written language, they believed a spirit must be in it. At one time a number of little boys attended the mission school from a distant village. After a while one went home and was

often seen making mysterious marks on the ground, or on a stick of wood. On being questioned, he explained proudly that he could write something on a piece of paper, and if they would take it to his white teacher he would read it and give them whatever he had asked for. The old chief doubted this, but was anxious to test the lad's mysterious claim. The little lad took a scrap of paper he had carefully preserved, and with a short stub of a pencil slowly spelled out these words, "Teacher, give the chief an orange; he thinks I do n't know how to write." The boy then read it to his chief. The chief would not touch this with his fingers, lest the foreign spirit might enter him, but had the lad put it in the end of a piece of split bamboo. This he carried at arm's length all the way to Bolenge, to find out the white man's mysterious secret. Boldly he walked up the steps of the mission bungalow and handed the paper, still safe in its bamboo holder, toward the white man. He took it and, laughing, opened and read it aloud; then he said to the old chief, "You may have two or three oranges." The heathen man clapped his hand over his mouth and uttered an exclamation of great surprise, saying, "I did not hear that paper talk—how did it talk to you?"

Another boy came from an inland village and stayed one year, learning about all we were able to teach him at that time. He decided to return home, remain a short time, then come back to the mission for another year or so. He bade us all good-bye, and with a promise to return soon started out overland to his native village. After a long day's march he approached it, but everything seemed strangely quiet. He entered, and

was passing on toward his father's little hut when he was seized. Before he could realize what was happening, he was bound fast to a tree. His utter surprise showed his captors that he had just come and did not know what had been happening. They told him then how a native of his village had accidentally shot a native of theirs while out hunting, mistaking his hat of antelope skin for the animal itself. The heathen custom of a life for a life had to be observed. However, at the approach of the avengers, the whole population of the village had fled in terror. Now Bokyo was to be the innocent victim of their vengeance. After this explanation they proceeded to make ready to sacrifice him, but he stayed them asking for permission to say a few words. His request was granted. He then told them of the teaching he had learned of the white man and sang for them all the hymns he had learned in school. Finally he repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then calmly said, "I am ready." Because it was their custom they killed him, but the brave testimony of that boy pierced their hearts. In the days that followed, of their own accord, they came all the way to Bolenge to tell how they had killed Bokyo, asking to have his strange words and deeds explained. How little we realized the influence of the fragmentary teaching given in our imperfect, stumbling speech to the children in that little day school! The gospel news had been carried by this mere boy where it would be years perhaps before the missionary could go. His reward will be great in Heaven.

Since that day the school has been one of the greatest agencies for spreading the gospel. Native teachers are

trained, not only for the home stations, but for opening schools in distant out-sections. All of these teachers are Christians and all the text-books used are books of Christian teaching. Wherever an evangelist goes, a teacher also goes to open a school and assist in the preaching as well. They are sent out two and two into all the region round about. We want the native church members to be intelligent and able to read and study the Word of God themselves. Above all, we need an educated native ministry, hence the crying need for a Bible College in the Congo. In this evangelistic church on the equator, a man or woman has no sooner stepped out of the waters of baptism than the desire is manifested to begin teaching and preaching. We would not have it otherwise, and their determination to learn, equals, or even exceeds, our zeal to have them learn.

The gospel is not preached through the day school by evangelists and teachers alone, but by the women as well. There can never be a Christian nation until there are Christian wives and mothers. The teachers and evangelists search for wives now who also can read and write. They desire those who can intelligently help in teaching, especially among the women in the out-stations to which they are sent. Thus the day school is the foundation for much of the Congo work which has attracted such widespread attention here at home. Through it the gospel is being preached in a multitude of ways, and will be until the millions still in ignorance shall have been brought into the school of Christ, to learn from the Master Teacher sent from God.

CHAPTER IX

The Gospel Through Industry

The fact has already been stated that a man's source of power and authority lies in his ability to gather together a large harem. Also that these women become his chief source of income. He hunts and fishes for pleasure, but seldom for profit. Therefore, when a man becomes a Christian he becomes poor for the gospel's sake. He no longer has slaves and wives to barter or to bring him any income, so is compelled to search for a means of livelihood to support himself and wife.

To meet this emergency, as well as to provide training for the youth, the Industrial Department of the mission was organized. By it men are trained to be mechanics and carpenters, well able to make a good livelihood. Boys are trained in gardening, making and burning brick, carpentering and building. Some are trained as hospital assistants, others as tailors and printers, while others take up cooking and laundering. By any of these they may make a good living. Here lies one of the secrets of Africa's redemption; to turn the natural intelligence and skill into legitimate channels. In this way old habits of idleness are broken, and habits of industry take their place.

For this part of the work Bolenge is well equipped.

The increasing demand for new buildings make industry a necessity, and our necessity is their opportunity. During the first two years much work was done in repairs about the station, but nothing definite was done to train the men in any special department until the arrival of Frank T. Lea in 1901. He built a temporary carpenter shed and tool house, and began teaching men to mark and saw out lumber, using a pitsaw. Brick-making was also begun, though Mr. Lea's enforced return to America interrupted this good beginning. The work of getting out lumber was carried on after his departure, however, and a goodly supply was laid by toward the building of another house. In 1903 R. Ray Eldred came and took charge of this work. Since then it has grown to its present proportions. The other missionaries have had a share in it from time to time, and have supervised different departments.

Much of the timber had to be cut, and two or three miles back into the forest where suitable trees grew, and then carried to the station. This necessitated the clearing of a path through the jungle to the river. Here the lumber and timbers were loaded into canoes and carried to the station. In the case of the new pillars which make a foundation for the mission bungalows, ten men were required to carry one of them, as they were of a hard wood, five feet long and about fifteen inches in diameter. Only two could be put into the canoe at one time, so it took many days to get the requisite number—fifty-six being needed for each house. This hard timber is necessary to guard against the inroads of white ants. Since the successful making of

brick, these wooden pillars are being replaced, when necessary, with brick ones. The material needed for roofing the buildings had to be obtained seven miles across the river in a swamp. The palm leaves suitable for thatch are cut and piled into the canoes and paddled back to the station. To cut these the men must wade into the swamps with the water often waist deep. The distance is such that they must return on the second day, staying over night in a section of country infested by leopards. The material thus gathered is made into mats, other journeys into the forest being made to procure the rattan to tie them. One man makes from ten to fifteen mats a day, and a thousand or more are required for an ordinary roof. When the mats are properly seasoned, they are carefully fastened to the rafters, making a very fair roof. In case of re-roofing, which has to be done quite often, the whole force of men and boys are set to taking off the old roof and putting on the new, completing it in one day, if possible, because of the danger of sudden storms. These mats are tied or nailed on to the pole rafters, which are placed a few inches apart. The mats are made to overlap each other, so as to provide good protection from the sun and heat.

Several sets of sawyers are kept busy the whole year around. Four men are required for each saw. A pit is dug in the ground and the log is laid across it; or if too large, the pit is dug beneath the log after the tree is felled. Some timbers must be sawed when green, others must be felled at least a year to season before sawing. One man stands on the top of the log while the other stands in the pit beneath pulling and pushing

Christian women and native pottery.

The human saw-mill preparing lumber in the forest for the station. Dr. C. C. Widdowson to the right.

the great saw through the log. Two others relieve them at intervals all day long, as the work is hard and exhausting. Sometimes, if desirable trees are in a place where it is too swampy to dig the pit, a scaffolding is built instead, upon which the log is hoisted with chain and tackle. This, of course, takes more time and is the less desirable way. Suitable timber in the immediate vicinity of Bolenge is scarce, and the sawyers often have to go across the Congo to the large island opposite the station to cut their trees. When this is done the timber must be brought across in canoes. The boards sawed in the forest nearby are usually carried in on men's heads to the carpenter shop. Here this rough lumber is dressed by young men and piled to season. Others are employed in planing and cutting the already seasoned pieces into boards ready for use. Some are engaged in finishing and beading strips for beds and furniture, making small school tables, benches, and other needed articles. A few who have learned the rudiments of carpentry are engaged in building.

All these steps necessary in getting out lumber make it slow, tiresome work to build. Brick-making was again undertaken, it being hoped that bricks might be used largely in place of so much lumber. Experiments had to be made with the soil procurable, to find what proportion of clay and sand were necessary for good solid bricks. It was found that the clay must be hauled in canoes from a point up the river, and the sand from another point down the river, then carried up the hill to the brick-making shed. At first this had to be mixed by hands or by feet, but later a sort of mill was ingeniously invented, which made the initial step

much easier. Brick molds were made, and a number of boys set to work. It was interesting to watch these lads as they deftly molded the bricks, turned them on the drying boards, while other boys carried them to the drying sheds. As soon as enough were dried to make a kiln it was built, and with a roof raised high above it to protect from rain it was burned night and day, many cords of wood having been gathered ready for it. The bricks were left in the kiln usually until needed, or piled under some of the houses for protection. In this way many thousands of bricks have been made, and this department of the work put on a good basis for the future.

Before brick-making was begun the young men had been taught tailoring. It was impossible to get the girls for our domestic help, so boys were employed about the house, and taught to sew as well. The writer was inexperienced. She never dreamed before sailing that the knowledge of tailoring would be necessary in the land to which she was going. However, "necessity is the mother of invention," and certainly some original patterns were invented, an old suit of clothes often being used as a basis. Pockets seemed so superfluous that some were left out, the flaps only being used as a pretense. The long-suffering missionary husband smiled approbation and gave needed encouragement. He even wore uncomplainingly garments on which the buttons and buttonholes had changed sides. Experience is a good teacher, and after a time the art was acquired, and more pupils sought for. The young men proved apt students, and have since earned their living in this way, their service being in great demand even

by Government officers. The girls have also since been taught this useful profession, and are expert in cutting and making suits.

In 1907 the long-desired and much-needed printing-press arrived. For the time being it was set up in the house occupied by Mr. Eldred, and two young men were apprenticed, Mr. Hensey having charge of it. Under his direction the native workmen made splendid progress in setting and throwing down type. Soon several short stories were ready for school use. As the first type was neither satisfactory nor adequate, other was ordered immediately. Six months is the quickest time in which an order for supplies can be filled and reach its destination. This long delay retarded the work. Meanwhile, a printing house was built and the press moved into it. A large amount of work has been turned out, and Mr. Hensey has edited the interesting little paper, entitled the *Congo Christian.* Mr. Hedges, one of the newer missionaries, has taken up that department now, and is training new boys. He has already printed some translations made by Mr. Hensey and is waiting for more work which is on the way from the homeland, where it has been prepared during the missionary's furlough. This has become one of the most valuable adjuncts to the mission work, for the provision of literature for a people having hitherto but a spoken language is a great and necessary undertaking. The printing is no small part of this arduous task, and it has been ably begun.

The medical missionaries have been so occupied with other work that there has been little opportunity for training helpers in this important department. A few

have been trained, however, and have proved their efficiency. For several years Iyokansombo has been invaluable, having learned to take charge of the ulcer clinic, and to diagnose and treat the ordinary every-day ills. He is also a skillful nurse. Mark Njoji while in America with us during furlough took a course in hydrotherapy at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and we hope this may become a valuable aid to the work in the Congo. The evangelists are all given instructions in the treatment of ulcers and the use of drugs in cases of fevers, dysentery, and other common ailments. On their travels, where the medical missionary has not time to go, they relieve much suffering, and follow in the path of their Master. Many ideals for this work are cherished, which we hope may be realized as the years go by.

Soap-making and the manufacture of syrup from sugar-cane are minor industries taught in the mission. All these industrial features are helping to redeem the race, bringing it out of heathenism step by step. At first all laborers desired to be paid in the ordinary medium of exchange—brass rods. Now the desire has been created for knowledge of some useful profession, and instead of the usual brass rods the laborers demand saws, hammers, planes, hoes, axes, sewing-machines, cloth, needles and thread, and a score of things necessary now to their life, but undreamed of before. They go back to their villages and make an honest living by carpentering, coffin-making, or tailoring, creating everywhere a growing desire for learning. These men and boys become Christians, and thus teach a double

lesson, for idle Christians are useless anywhere. A beginning has been made, and already a second center of this industrial redemption has been opened at Longa. May these centers be increased until all the land shall be permeated by their manifold ministry.

CHAPTER X

Enlargement

The little chapel was moved from the river front to a large open space on the back of the station, and near the native village. The attendance increased at once. The church was pre-eminently evangelistic, and the first money that was raised by the few members, sent out their first evangelists. As the offerings increased, the evangelists were increased, and, as is always the case, the blessing was returned to the faithful few who either went or sent.

The Sunday-school was re-organized and divided into classes with native teachers. A regular system of lessons on the Life of Christ was provided. A teacher's training class was begun. As the little chapel was too small, the classes met in their out-of-door class rooms, beneath the gigantic palms and indigenous trees which form a natural grove about the chapel. A contest was begun, not between the "red" and the "blue," but between the men and the women. The records were made weekly on the school blackboard, that of the girls' and women's classes being on one half and that of the boys' and men's on the other half. It was a great success, for they kept nearly equal and every one worked hard for new pupils. One of the finest things about it was, that they all continued to come, and the contest was

never ended, but is still kept up without loss of interest. The interest spread so the cords had to be lengthened. The teacher's training-class was enlarged to take in the entire church membership, and the lesson was given on Saturday night. Sunday-school always met at four o'clock on Lord's Day afternoon.

As soon as the morning church service was over, a score or more of teachers, not needed in the home school, hurried quickly away, not waiting for an elaborate dinner, and at four o'clock the same lesson was taught in every village within a radius of fifteen miles. Thus hundreds of old and young, outside of Bolenge, were brought under the influence of the gospel. Whenever possible, these itinerating teachers carried picture charts illustrating the lesson, with which to call the people together and interest them.

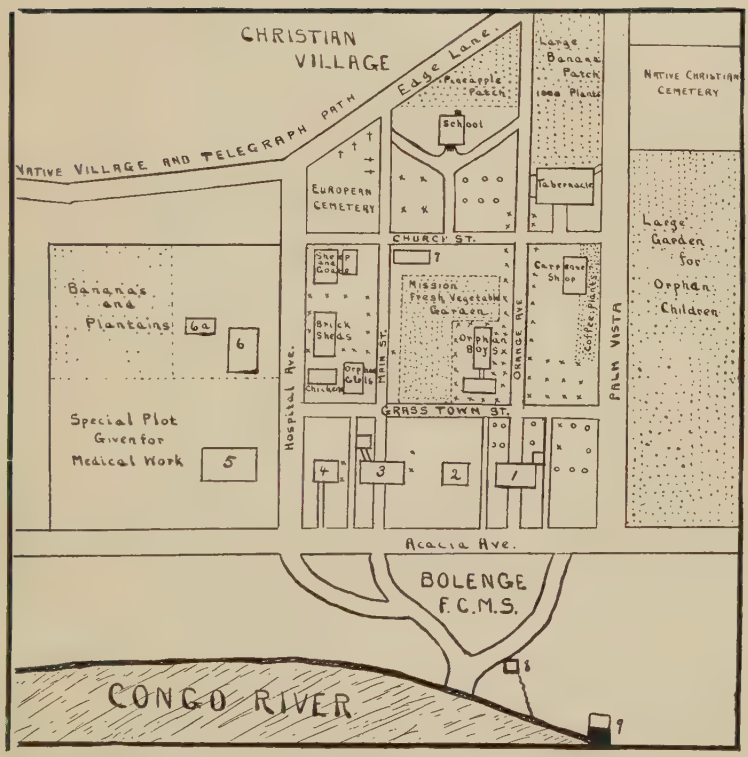
A grandmothers' class was organized, and one by one they were enrolled. Their superstition made them very fearful of the writing of their names on the class record at first, but they soon anxiously desired this distinction. It was with intense satisfaction that we watched their interest grow and deepen, and their hold on the old life grow less and less. These old women were not in any sense attractive at first sight, they were even repulsive. A second and deeper look, however, would reveal an Eternal Light breaking through the darkness of their heathen minds, and transforming their wrinkled faces.

The church was filling up with young life which needed more opportunity for development. To meet this want, a Christian Endeavor Society was organized with active and associate members. This has grown to

be the largest Endeavor Society in all the world. It meets on Friday nights and is fully alive. The United Society topics are translated and followed as nearly as possible. The pledge and Mizpah benediction are also translated and committed to memory by every member. It would be of interest and profit for the Christian Endeavorers of America to visit one of these meetings. The membership soon became so large that it was impossible for all to take part, but there is never any time wasted. It is an inspiration to sit in one of their meetings and listen to the original thoughts and comments on the lesson, for they have no magazines or other helps to read from. Best of all are their chains of sentence prayers, short, full of meaning, and with no broken links.

The Endeavor work proved such a source of strength to the home church, that the evangelists, of their own accord, have organized a branch society wherever there are as many as one or two Christians in the villages where they have gone to preach. It was found that the associate members were not long in becoming active, and the Endeavor Society has grown into a miniature training school for church membership.

The next step in this steady advance was the establishment of out-stations. Heretofore the evangelists had traveled and preached. The time was now fully ripe for certain localities to have resident teachers. From the first these preaching points were made as self-reliant and self-supporting as possible. The natives who asked for teachers were asked to prove their interest in a very practical way. They were required to build their own little church and schoolhouse, the home church



PLOT OF BOLENGE STATION.

1. R. R. Eldred's home; 2. Storehouse; 3. Dr. Dye's Home; 4. Single Ladies' Home; 5. New Hospital (proposed); 6. Cotner Memorial Dispensary; 7. Printing House; 8. Spring House; 9. Boat House.

x. Orange trees. o. Mango trees.

to provide the preacher and teacher until they were able to assume this also.

The first out-station to be established was at Bonkombo. This was in that part of the parish across the river, and among a people speaking a different language. Occasional visits of itinerating evangelists had aroused deep interest over there on the opposite side of the Congo, a full day's paddling from Bolenge. They begged for a teacher and said, "If you do not come, and we die we will tell God it is your fault." When the teacher came they said, "Now it is for us to choose or refuse."

The need seemed imperative, but where was a preacher to be found who would give up his home, and go live there among another tribe of people whose language he must learn? Who would become the first foreign missionary of the little church? Our God has said, "Before they call I will answer," and this is the way he answered the call. Among those baptized July 31, 1904, were a man and wife, Ekakula and Biluke. They were among the most earnest and intelligent of any yet admitted to the church. Their history is interesting. Biluke, when a small child, lost her mother and was taken to live with a relative who was very cruel and unkind to her. She was often beaten and refused food because she was bringing in no income. When about twelve years of age her father, who had previously shown no interest in her welfare, married her to a mere boy. The marriage fee received by the father was twenty slaves,—one woman and nineteen men. These were then valued at about fifteen hundred brass rods each, a brass rod having a value of about

one cent. This made the price paid for this child wife about three hundred dollars in our money. This child marriage continued some years, the mere girl becoming a mother, but the babe and husband both died. She was handed down by inheritance to Ibuka, a chief having the largest harem of the whole country round. He had hundreds of wives and female slaves, besides many male slaves. This man Biluke hated, so in company with her brother she ran away on a Government steamer bound for Stanley Falls. During this trip a young leadsman by the name of Ekakula was attracted by her, and learning that the young man who accompanied her was a brother, he went to him asking for his sister. This was considerably more formality than is customary, but he recognized her to be a superior young woman. The brother interceded in his behalf, but she was obdurate, having determined never again to be the wife of a polygamist. She feared lest he might have other wives. But finally she was convinced of his having none and desiring only her. One day he offered her one hundred brass rods and she accepted them, which was an acknowledgment of her acceptance of him and willingness to become his wife. On their arrival at Stanley Pool, where he was employed by the State, they were legally married. The Congo Balolo Mission having a station at this point, and, hearing the bell ring every evening, Ekakula wondered at its significance and determined to find out. Several nights he went and stopped outside the chapel, listening to the singing, not presuming to enter what he thought was a secret meeting.

Rumors came to him that the same kind of teach-

ing was being taught in their home town, and they decided to go home as soon as his contract was filled. This they did. No sooner had they arrived than a sentry came through the village seizing people for not having brought their whole quota of fish tax. Ekakula was seized along with others and put into prison. As soon as released he and Biluke remembered their sole purpose in coming and sought for the mission. Bolenge was so far from their home, however, that they came to live nearby, where they could attend every service without interference. Their hearts were prepared for the seed, and after their baptism they begged to be allowed to go and teach to others what they had learned. These two consecrated young people volunteered to go to Bonkombo, and were sent. For two years they worked side by side, Biluke proving a capable teacher, and in her quiet, cultured spirit being a splendid example to the women. But sleeping sickness was prevalent in that district and she soon succumbed to the dread malady. Ekakula labored on for a long time alone, but recently married Bonkonge, one of God's noble women, and a dear friend of Biluke. The light keeps spreading farther and farther from the little center of light, and many are being brought to the feet of the Master by the precept and example of these godly lives, lived in their midst.

All this growth in the distant places made it necessary to enlarge the place of the tent at home. The little chapel would no longer hold the crowds who came. The chapel was so crowded that women were carried out fainting, even though air was afforded by the lattice work all around. Every available inch was

occupied. Not only were the benches filled, but the floor also. Finally two class-rooms were torn out to enlarge the seating capacity. Accordingly, in November, 1906, four years after the organization of the little church, a mammoth tabernacle was erected under the supervision of Dr. Widdowson. This structure was seventy by one hundred feet, and it was thought would accommodate the people for years to come. Its capacity was soon to be tested, for all the evangelists and large numbers of inquirers were to gather there at Christmas-time. The tabernacle was barely done before they began to arrive. The story of this wonderful Christmas is told in another chapter.

Since those early signs of enlargement, the curtains have been stretched and the cords lengthened until little churches have sprung up for a hundred miles around Bolenge. Sunday-schools and Endeavor Societies, as well as preaching services, are regularly carried on in all of these places. Christian homes are scattered throughout these villages like leaven to permeate the heathenism about them.

In the program of the Eternal God there is no failure. All hearts are encouraged at these evidences of expansion. But what is this paltry one hundred mile sweep compared with the thousands of miles beyond, untouched and unknown, dark and silent, yet crying out for life even in its deathlike stillness? Again we hear the command: "Enlarge; stretch forth; spare not; lengthen; strengthen, for thou shall break forth on the right hand and on the left."

CHAPTER XI

Emancipated Womanhood

The condition of woman is the real test of the civilization of any race. Just as true is it that wherever Protestantism is in the highest ascendency, there woman is held in the highest honor and esteem. All really free governments are the fruit of Protestantism, and some one has well expressed the further truth, thus: "The more Protestant, the more civilized, the more honored, the more honorable is woman, educated woman."

To the Congo we must again turn for proof of these assertions. A glimpse has been taken at woman as she is in her native state. From this glimpse the problem of her regeneration looks hopeless of solution. A Catholic civilization enters, she comes under a new government and under the influence of a new religion. Surely now her condition will be changed. This does not prove to be the case; her state is even harder than before. She is compelled to do more manual labor in the fields to prepare her quota of taxation in return for the privilege of being under the protection of a civilized power. She must go on long marches, carrying heavy loads of food and wood to the Government post. If unfortunate enough to be of comely appearance, she lives in constant danger of being seized to be

made the mistress, together with others, of one of the officials of this new regime. Will such a regime uplift and enlighten a degraded race? Never.

The whole dismal story of Congo under "civilization" is too well known to need repetition here. The answer to but one question is ample explanation. What was the religion of this "civilization?" It was Roman Catholic. What a pity that to such a government was given, by the free and full consent of the civilized powers, the control of numerous people! However, God is in the world, and before this sad reign of cruel injustice began He had sent His messengers to provide a means of life in the midst of death. The natives regarded the Protestant missionaries with superstitious awe, considering them the spirits of their ancestors. The "paddleless canoes" of the white people which steamed up and down their rivers were greatly feared. The superstitious natives thought these steamers carried the spirits of their dead back to Europe, where they became white people. The white missionary was thought never to have been born, and, therefore, invulnerable and incapable of death. The establishment of Christian homes in their midst soon disabused the native mind of this. Little white babies were born, and as death carried away some, the natives soon came to know that the white men were but flesh and blood, even as themselves.

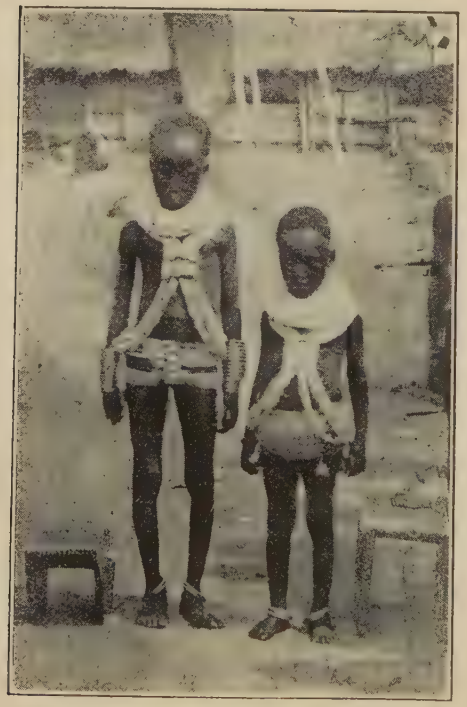
It was long before the women were won from the old life of sin. They had become inured to its wild shamelessness; its sinful moonlight dances still held charms for them. Then, too, the hope of a different life had long since died out within them, and they

were slow to believe they could ever be other than they were. A babe was born to the missionaries. Mother love is the deepest altruistic love there is, and here, as ever, woman's confidence and love was won by a helpless babe, whom we claimed as ours, but whom they soon came to look upon as theirs. There was no need to urge the women to come to us for teaching. They came to watch everything that was done for this wonderful white babe, and to pour out their own heart's confidences in return. Not that they all forsook heathenism and rushed to accept Christianity, but a way to their hearts had been made which would never be closed.

A few women began coming regularly every Lord's Day morning for a little heart-to-heart talk. They sought advice as to the manner in which they ought to live. These talks were of great profit to all. Then at the time of the Sunday-school hour, in the afternoon, the heathen women came for an informal meeting on the veranda. At this time some simple lesson was given them. It was at this meeting that many of the confidences of the women recorded in the previous chapter were given. As they received a glimpse of the better life they began to realize that indeed their past had been dark and evil.

The little church was organized and these first few women stepped out. In the face of many obstacles they confessed their faith in Christ. These were young women. The older heathen women considered the church a new game for young people and children, where they were taught to sing instead of to dance. But after a while Bombeto came, a middle-aged woman,

renowned in the village for her common sense. Then the older women were convinced that the church must be something more than a game, else would this sensible woman not have gone. Bombeto was the mother of several children, the youngest, Bolumbe, being a little boy of about two years of age. The children always accompanied the mother to church, and soon little Bolumbe learned to imitate the mother as she bowed her head to return thanks for her food. No sooner had the child learned this than he noticed that the father never did it, and, childlike, he chided him for it. To please the child the father made a pretense of doing the same. The mission bell rings often for work, school, and religious services. To all of these Bolumbe wanted to go. At every ringing of the bell he would tug at his father, saying, "Fafa, ngonga; fafa, ngonga" ("Papa, the bell; papa, the bell"), until the father went to carry his baby boy. All know the sequel; the father's heart was changed, and his became a Christian family. A little later the old grandmother, whose hair was white, came to visit them, and she too was persuaded to attend the services. She went hand in hand with little Bolumbe, for grandparents the world over love their grandchildren. One day, in walking through the village, our attention was attracted to a childish voice singing. There beside the house under the shade of the banana plants sat Bolumbe and grandma, he lining off one of the Christian hymns in his sweet childish treble, and she trying to sing it after him in her thin, quavering voice. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and the words of the Master flashed into our mind, "A little child shall lead them." That



Two little girl brides, sold to a cannibal chief. The beads mark their sale.

Bonkongi and Bokian, two of the first Christian women. They earned and made their own dresses.

became the largest Christian family in the church, as one by one, brothers, sisters, aunts, and cousins, joined the group.

The leaven was beginning to work and women both old and young began to come. The attitude of the heathen generally had up to this time been one of indifference; they began now to see in the new religion the downfall of their old customs of slavery and polygamy, and their attitude changed to one of opposition. Any woman belonging to them was forbidden henceforth to attend any services of the mission on penalty of severe punishment. Many persisted and persecutions followed. Women were beaten every time they attended a service. Many of them were rolled and tied up in mats and laid in the village streets. There they were left in the broiling sun as a warning to all the others. They were forbidden to wear dresses or even a large cloth, as these made it impossible to admire their charms of form and tribal markings. Life was made miserable for them in every way, and they were subjected to every indignity. These persecutions, however, but strengthened a desire and a determination to be true to the new faith. Their husbands and masters would not part with them, or sell them to others, for in every case it was the choicest women of their harem who thus defied them. After a time, when they saw that their threats and punishment availed them nothing, the masters began to see that they were reaping some benefits from this strange new faith. These women strangely enough had become honest, and to them the master could consign his wealth for safekeeping. He also found that they no

longer had illegitimate lovers, though it was long before this could be believed. The husbands were pleased with this fidelity, though they regretted that this changed life cut off one source of their revenue.

These were busy, anxious days, for the trials of these women were our trials. At all hours of day and night they came for advice and counsel, which required more than human wisdom to give. Yet some of the choicest spirits of that wonderful church came out of that time of persecution, purified by its fires. Two regular meetings for women only were organized and became a strong element in the nourishing of all these babes in Christ. Regular work was also provided for the women who desired to earn cloth for dresses, and sewing classes for the town women were begun. These women were as evangelistic as the men, and went everywhere teaching, ofttimes paddling across the river alone to tell the gospel story.

Bitoko was one of the oldest women in the church, and, as her home had once been across the river, she decided to go and preach the gospel over there. She borrowed a canoe and set out alone. Her arrival there was welcomed by her old friends, and she began immediately to tell them of the wonderful story of the Savior she had found. Two women, Bolia and Basato, were deeply affected, and longed to return with her to hear more. This they did, and both eventually became earnest Christians. These two women then returned to their people across the great river. A year later Bolia died, leaving a little boy, Yoka, who was lost sight of for the time. Old Bitoko, however, made another trip across, and to her deep sorrow and righteous indigna-

tion found that the little son of her deceased friend had been sold to a cannibal tribe far inland. The price had been one thousand brass rods, the equivalent of about ten dollars. The heathen people gave no reason save that he was a nuisance to them and they were well rid of him. Not so thought Bitoko. She demanded that they go and redeem him immediately, or when she returned home she would report their deed to the Government Judge. This threat filled them with terror, and they lost no time in going to find the child, whom they feared might have been killed and eaten long before. They found him starved, sick, emaciated, and too weak to walk, and thus they brought him to Bitoko. She tenderly washed him, wrapped a cloth about his naked body, and brought him home with her, where she tenderly cared for him. People capable of such cruelty surely needed the gospel, so Bitoko kept up her evangelistic journeys until a regular evangelist was stationed there by the native Bolenge church. Then she turned her attention elsewhere.

One of the strongest agencies for the emancipation of womanhood is the Girls' Home and Orphanage. This has grown to larger proportions than in the early days when Buta and two or three little girls occupied a tiny one-roomed house. There is now a large three-roomed building, which is already too small to accommodate those who beg to come. Here the girls receive instruction—in all departments of domestic economy, each girl being given a part in the household duties. In the native village the sewing is done by the men, but the girls show remarkable aptitude for it when taught. They became skilled in dressmaking, tailoring, and in

doing certain kinds of drawn work. They learn to wash and iron, cook and bake, sweep and dust, scrub, and to practice every art of the good housewife. Some of the girls are orphans and some daughters of Christian parents. These parents, realizing that they are incapable of properly instructing their daughters, resort to the mission. Still others of the girls are affianced wives of Christian young men who desire to have their sweethearts as capable and intelligent as possible. These girls form a very happy family, and it is a great joy to see them develop when removed from their heathen surroundings. Even their faces change so their own friends scarcely recognize them. These Christian girls make ideal wives for the Christian teachers, though they make their own choice or refusal. We learn to love these children dearly, and they love us in return.

For the last two or three years Inkondo has been the most beloved and capable girl in the Orphanage. She has refused numerous proposals of marriage to remain and assist the white mothers in their multitudinous cares with the younger girls. She was formerly an ugly child, both in features and disposition. She was careless, untidy, deceitful, and a constant source of anxiety. She was dull in school and everywhere else. Then slowly she began to show signs of change; when for many months she devoted her whole time to nursing the writer during her severe illness. She developed a most beautiful character. None doubted her complete change of heart, as manifested in her daily life, and she was welcomed into the family of Christ. Since that time she has been indispensable;

having voluntarily constituted herself a sort of matron over the other girls. They never resent this, for she is universally loved and the babies are her special care. She has become a beautiful girl, and is a type of that emancipated womanhood which will bring the race back to God. It will be our greatest reward in the great reunion to meet again these women who have labored with us in the gospel, "Whose names are in the book of life."

CHAPTER XII

Itinerating Through Swamp and Jungle

The outlines of the great parish which looks to Bolenge for the gospel must be kept in mind to understand fully the need for so much itinerating. This spacious parish lies on both sides of the Congo River. On the upper side from the Mobangi River, stretching eastward on to the Congo River, is a triangular section of territory. This entire district is untouched by the gospel, save as it is carried there by the Bolenge evangelists. On the lower side of the river lies another triangular section, with Bolenge for the apex. This contains thousands of square miles of territory, with people numbering into the millions. To the north the parish reaches to the Lolanga River. To the east it reaches to the watershed of the Lomami River, seven degrees from Bolenge. To the south it extends to the Kasai River, four degrees from Bolenge. In evangelizing this vast territory the natural waterways are followed as much as possible. The Bosira River flows in a southeasterly direction through this, and has two large branches—the Bosira Monine or large Bosira, sometimes called the Juapa, and the southern branch, the Momboyo. The vast intervening district must be covered by overland journeys. It is necessary that the missionaries themselves make periodical journeys in

these districts to enforce, supplement, and superintend the work of the native evangelists.

For years to come the presence of the white teacher will be necessary to the growth and stability of the work, and only thus can the influence of the native workers be maintained. The evangelists, zealous as they may be, are not yet trained for pastoral work, there having been no time to give to this phase of their work. As the native Christians return from Bolenge to live here and there in their own scattered villages, the problem of looking after these many "scattered disciples" is an ever-increasing one. The scarcity of workers has hindered this part of the work no little.

Longa has been opened as a station on the main Bosira, and so itineration is now carried on from two points instead of one—Bolenge and Longa. Outposts have been opened up on all the tributary rivers, where regularly appointed evangelists preach and teach; yet only a very small part of the territory has been covered, and thousands of miles of navigable waterways have not yet been traversed.

On the river these journeys have to be made in dug-out log canoes, which are dangerous to life and to the necessary provisions carried. A canopy is stretched over the center of the canoe and sometimes covered with a mat or thatch, under which the missionary may have some protection from the sun, but not from tsetse flies and mosquitoes. The paddlers fill up the rest of the canoe, the drummer boy sitting in the prow, for no crew can paddle without the wooden drum to keep the rhythm for the stroke of the paddle. Often this is accompanied by rollicking canoe songs, which make one

feel that canoeing is the most delightful pastime. But the river is miles wide, and often clouds gather, lightning plays about, and soon the rain pours down in torrents, and a fierce tornado is upon the canoe and its passengers. At times it seems as though the frail craft must turn over. Then under the skilled hands of the paddlers it rights itself again, and for a few moments is as still as though held by an unseen hand, only to pitch and dive in another instant. Sometimes it is overturned and a sorry-looking crew struggle to land, dragging what goods they can. Often in such an accident lives are lost. At one time in returning from a visit to an out-station across the river at Bonkombo, a terrible tropical tornado swept down upon the heavily laden canoe, and it seemed that it would surely be swamped before reaching the shore. The river was black, and, being agitated as by some unseen power beneath it, rose in tumultuous waves and swept down upon the canoe. The blackness of the water was reflected in the sky, the whole being lighted up by blinding flashes of lightning. Soon big drops of rain fell and the wind and waves became quieter, so the journey was continued and home reached, having suffered nothing worse than a severe drenching. When the paddlers drew the great canoe up on the shore, to their astonishment they found one whole side so rotten and soft that a finger could be thrust through in several places, and at one point a hole had begun. They said, "We are safely home only by the mercy of God." At such times we feel that it can not be right to risk life in these little shells, but the gospel must be preached.

The native evangelists had gone up the Bosira River

for a year or more before the missionaries had time to follow. At first all of the people were eager for the teaching, but wanted to see the white teacher himself. Before the missionaries were able to follow the Catholics entered and possessed the land and fitted the natives out with all kinds of charms. One of these charms is a piece of felt with a cross on it. They make the natives believe that the piece of felt is a piece of Mary's robe itself. This is suspended from the neck, as well as a brass bangle and perhaps some beads. These will furnish the whole costume of the wearer, and would be most amusing if not so pathetic. One more superstition is added to the old ones, as they are made to believe in the saving power of the white man's charms, which they imagine to be stronger than theirs. On these trips the paddlers are always preachers or Christians, and well grounded in the faith.

Mr. Hensey, who made the first trip up the Bosira, in writing afterward, said: "I can assure you that when we stormed those Catholic towns our evangelists were able to cope with any Catholic or catechist we met. At one place a man was doing his best to defend Mompe (mon pere) the priest, and was boasting of how he could perform miracles and heal the sick. Then our big elder, Intole, thrust his long arm over into the disputant's face, and said, 'If your priest can perform miracles, why does he come down to Bolenge for medicine when he is sick?' That was a 'stunner,' and the whole crowd shouted, 'He is answered,' and we gained the day."

A site was finally secured at Longa and a station opened there at the junction of the Bosira, the Monene,

and Momboyo Rivers. Often in passing to and fro it is not possible to stop at every village. Once when a village was being passed in order to reach a certain town by sundown, the aged chief came to the bank and cried out: "Why do you pass us by? Are we not people? Have you forgotten us?" It is hard to refuse the many calls made by these brothers of ours who are perishing, while they watch and wait with open hearts for the message of life.

As before intimated, a large section of the parish can not be reached by waterways. Overland journeys must be made instead. For such a journey a caravan is necessary, which is always composed largely of Christians. From twenty to twenty-five men are required for carriers, who besides their own small bundles carry a folding bed, bedding, the missionaries' clothing, food supplies, trade goods, and cooking utensils. On all these journeys nothing is spared which will conserve the strength of the traveler, for the climate does not take kindly to Caucasians. It must be recalled that Bolenge is in the great swamp district, and many of these swamps, as well as small streams and creeks, must be forded. The native manner of bridging these almost impassable swamps is to fell trees across them, and fill in with brush and small poles. These bridges may be above or below water, and are slippery and slimy. One can imagine the agility required to walk across such a bridge. Farther inland there are not even those desirable advantages and the swamps must be waded, the mud and water varying in depth from ankle to armpit. These swamps are separated from each other by stretches of dry land and inhabited villages.

All aboard for a long itinerate! The dugout war canoe used by our missionaries in their long evangelistic tours. A miniature cabin affords some protection from the sun. Twenty-five native paddlers are used.

The march of the caravan is stopped in every village, the people are gathered together and the gospel is preached to them. In many towns the natives are still timid, fearing the coming of the Government officers, and flee at the first sight of the missionary. They soon find out their mistake, and come cautiously back to listen in wonder to a white man speaking their own language. This always excites surprise and pleasure, and the message is readily received. What a transformation now to see in many of these villages little chapels, erected by the native Christian residents, where day school and regular service are being held! All these villages are open doors of opportunity, which must be entered else they may be closed against us later on.

Leaving the last of these lines of villages, where evangelists visit regularly, and where many are stationed, it is still several days' march across country to the Momboyo, the southern tributary of the Bosira. Here the caravan must move more cautiously, for the paths are indistinct and uncertain, and the matchet must be in constant use in clearing the way. This is real African jungle, so dense that the sun can not get through, though its presence is felt. The march must begin at daybreak to avoid the heat, and the dew lies so heavy on every leaf and twig and tree that all the party are thoroughly saturated in a few moments, but the steady march is uninterrupted save to cut the heavy rattan vines and dense underbrush that block the way.

The villages in this section must be approached more cautiously, for even Government officers fear to enter there even when accompanied by a body of soldiers. A spy is sent ahead to announce the approach

of the missionary. Sometimes the missionary party is welcomed and enters unafraid; at other times they enter only to find the town deserted and an ominous stillness everywhere. All know that on such an occasion a false or suspicious move will bring a volley of spears and arrows from the nearby thickets. The men at such times lay aside their burdens with apparent unconcern, and, seating themselves by some open fire, begin to sing. One song after another echoes and reechoes through the forest, until one by one the frightened villagers, now reassured of the harmless intentions of their visitors, creep back and seat themselves at a safe distance, still clutching their weapons. A native preacher then rises and tells them one of their own native stories or proverbs. Then out of it he leads to the teachings of God himself, as revealed by His Son Jesus, who came to earth, and lived and died to save every one. In conclusion he refers this to the white man, who has brought them this good news and has come himself to tell them. Their wonder knows no bounds when the white man arises and begins to speak in their own language. Weapons are forgotten, and they listen. At the close one more bold than the others will cry out: "White man, how long have you known this story? Did your fathers know it? Then why did they not come and tell our fathers also?" These are questions difficult to answer, but the thought returns again and again, "We of this generation are responsible for those of our generation." God help us to reach the last man and the last woman, so that our children of the next generation may never hear that cry!

But the caravan must move on. With a promise to return, which the natives can hardly believe, the march is resumed, the workers praising God for the privilege of preaching where the gospel had never before been heard. Some of the caravan have perhaps heard that a Bacwa or Pygmy village is not far distant, and at the next village they learn more definitely of it. These little folk of the forest are considered as pariahs and outcasts by the Nkundos. They will always turn the back when one is passing and expectorate as soon as he is past. They will never eat from the same dishes or give them drink. Their relationship is like that of the Jews and the Samaritans, and we can in fancy see the Savior sitting wearied by the well and asking for a drink, and hear the response, "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest water of one who am a Samaritan woman?" The favorite epithet bestowed upon the Bacwa by the Nkundos is, "nibwa," dog.

Meanwhile the caravan approaches the secluded hamlet of the pygmies in the midst of the dense forest and enters unannounced, knowing well that a messenger would be of no use here. The village street is empty, but every bush and thicket seems ablaze with shiny eyes, peering forth at the intruders. Here, as before, the loads are laid aside and all seek a spot under the shade of a big tree, where they can find shelter from the intense heat. The party quietly begins to sing. Music surely "hath charms to quell the savage breast," for even these shy denizens of the forest are won by it, and come out to listen. On the day of which we speak, the young preacher spoke as he had never spoken before, and all listened with rapt attention,

hanging on to the last word. When leaving them to make the march to the next village before nightfall, the little old chief followed along the path, and when they promised to return, he called after them, "No, we 'll never see you again. We will never hear this story again." O, if that cry that rang through the forest on that day could only ring in your ears as it did in those of the missionary, it would be answered by scores of young men in America, who are waiting for a "call" to preach the gospel!

The caravan reaches the river and the loads are packed into canoes and the tired company paddles homeward, visiting the villages and stopping at Longa on the way; but still that cry is heard, as though wafted to them on every breeze: "No! we 'll never see you again. We will never hear this story again."

CHAPTER XIII

A Powerful Native Evangelism

"This work, with a native church supporting one in every ten of its members as evangelists, is placing the emphasis where is found Africa's greatest need, and the native evangelists bring the chief returns in missionary labor." This was spoken by Eben Creighton, that missionary traveler who before arriving at Bolenge had visited the missions of all South and East Africa, had crossed the great forest, and descended the Congo.

The great parish under the supervision of Bolenge has been described, but in view of the interest in this particular part of the work, it has seemed advisable to describe some of the ways by which the native African reaches his own people. In 1903, soon after the organization of the church, the yearly report ran thus: "The native church keeps two evangelists in the field all the time, and it is the plan to increase this number at once to four. They go out two by two for two weeks at a time. There are also frequent companies of two and three who go out for a week at their own charges, solely to preach the gospel. It is hoped soon that every member of the Church will fully realize his responsibility in the propagation of the gospel. It will

probably never be necessary to ask for any money from home for their support. Every one of the native Christians is a willing tithe-giver."

These first few evangelists did not go far from home, but beginning at Bolenge they went out in the immediate neighboring villages. Coquilhatville, the capital of Equator District, is situated but seven miles from Bolenge. Here natives from the farthest villages behind us, as well as from above and across the river, take their weekly tax. This is a great center and it seems strategic, so an evangelist was kept there constantly. He taught in the native village, preached to these groups of strangers wherever he found them, and also to the State soldiers and prisoners. Time proved the wisdom of this step, for people from far distant sections of the country began to ask that teachers be sent to their villages. When asked where they had heard the gospel, they would reply, "At the State post where we carry our taxes."

As a result of this two evangelists went across the Congo and into the Mobangi country, where as yet no work had been done. The people were receptive and a promising work was begun, which has borne fruit. Another two went up the Ikelemba, another tributary to the Congo. Here at first they were welcomed, but as soon as the chief realized that it meant the downfall of his power he began to persecute the evangelists. One strong, vigorous man forbade his wives attending the services on penalty of punishment. One dared to come. She was forthwith put into the slave-stick, with her face upturned to the scorching blaze of the sun. As he placed her there he said, "You shall stay there until

that God you went to hear about comes down and releases you." So saying he went away, leaving her to her slow torture. Two days later he suddenly died, and the whole village said, "He cursed God, and it is God's own hand." Fear fell upon them and crowds came to hear the message day by day.

"It is because he cursed God." As we listened to these reports we remembered how the early disciples went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following.

At the close of the year 1904 the young men of the church had all been sent alternately on these short evangelistic campaigns, and thus an opportunity was afforded for selecting those best fitted for that kind of work. As soon as these were found, the system was changed and the men were sent out in pairs to stay one month, and then recalled for two weeks for instructions under the missionary. That year saw twenty-two baptisms, some of these being direct results of the evangelistic teaching. The church relationship then was seventy-seven.

In August of 1905 there were ten baptisms, and a few days later ten picked men were started out as evangelists. Five of these started up the Bosira, where a beginning on that great tributary of the Congo had already been made, a field for which we are morally responsible. These five evangelists were given careful instructions to spy out the land, that we might plan to occupy it as soon as we could. Njoji, now known as Mark Njoji, was the first volunteer for the Bosira work, and on his return, a month later, he reported that

much of the country visited by them was near a Trappist Mission, and therefore strongly Catholic. However, when meetings were held all the grown people had come to hear him, while the children attended the Catholic service. The natives in general preferred the teaching of the evangelists and begged them to return. During this trip the evangelists had been divided, three going up the Momboyo branch. While there they had all their goods stolen. Those consisted of barter goods and salt which had been provided them by the mission. This was a great loss, being part of their small salary and their only means for obtaining food in that strange country. Instead of becoming angry and bringing disgrace upon themselves and others, they behaved themselves in such a way that much of the stolen goods was returned to them. As soon as the two who had stopped down the river heard of the misfortune which had befallen their comrades, they paddled night and day to divide their portion with them. This caused great commotion among the heathen who witnessed it, for they had never before seen one of their own countrymen so generous, and the service became crowded. Four of the people touched by these signs of a changed life accompanied the evangelists back to Bolenge to verify what they had seen. It was hard to believe that people would give up slavery and polygamy and live lives of honesty and chastity. They, however, became convinced of the reality and power of the gospel of Christ which is able to save to the uttermost. Meanwhile others had gone to the large inland towns, and numbers of people came in with these evangelists for more teaching. The missionaries were barely given

time to eat, and at the end of a month a group of sincere people were baptized, the first-fruits of Injolo. Among these was Bonjolongo, the Stephen of the Bolenge church. He brought all his heathen charms with him, and publicly smashed his tobacco horn and hemp smoking calabash. He freed his polygamous wives and redeemed his little daughter, whom he had sold to be the wife of an influential chief. He had been a fierce cannibal, and had at the head of his people made bloody raids on other villages, always carrying off some victims. His change was apparent to all, and most of all to his old mother, who could not understand his transformation until she herself also followed him. He went afterward to preach to a village which he had once raided, and was at once surrounded by armed natives, who saw their chance for revenge. He was unafraid and talked to them earnestly of things they did not understand, but their hearts were set on revenge. All night they surrounded the little hut in which he slept, having made themselves wild with liquor and hemp. In the morning he bade them good-bye, and started home. They asked him which path he intended taking, and he answered, "The right hand path." They, of course, thought that he lied, and so filtered down through the forest and ambushed the left hand path, for a native's answer is always a lie. They left a spy to follow him and when he arrived at the dividing of the way and Bonjolongo turned to the right hand as he had said, the voice of the scout rang out through the forest, "Nsonsolo inyo lofofomba-o!" (Of a truth you do not lie.) This, not in praise, but as a warning to those lying in wait on the other path.

Bonjolongo had good common sense and ran for his life. He often tells how his life was spared by telling the truth, when a lie would have meant sudden death.

This man has become one of the pillars of the Church, and by repeated visits to that same village has won some of his would-be murderers to Christ, and they have become the closest of friends. Bonjolongo had said to the missionaries as he returned to his own town: "When I come back you will be surprised to see how anxious the people are for this wonderful gospel of God that you bring. They only want to know that it is true and that it is the power to save such as us and turn us from all the ways of our ancestors, and they will come in multitudes." True to his promise he returned, bringing about fifty of his townspeople with him.

That year of 1905 saw thirty-two baptisms, and the church whose ranks had been thinned by death numbered ninety-two active, earnest Christians, supporting eleven of their own number as evangelists, besides one member who supported his own living-link. The report contained these words written to the home churches: "The native church is doing all it can do. They believe more teachers will come soon. A few who will consecrate themselves to Africa now will be worth a score a year from now. The crisis is imminent. The work exceeds our powers. Some must come soon, or God will himself hold you responsible."

During their trips alone in the back country the evangelists often had strange experiences. Once when one of these was visiting from house to house in a heathen village he heard his name called and went im-

mediately, thinking it to be some one desiring teaching. He saw a man sitting inside his hut with a native razor in his hand, and a hammer lying beside it on the ground. Pointing to the hammer, he said: "Do you see that hammer? That is my god; with it I make knives and spears, with which I kill animals, which I eat and thereby live. You come to teach of your God, but that is mine which gives me life." Thinking he had cornered the evangelist, he complacently awaited his answer, which was not long in forthcoming. Picking up the hammer and examining it closely he casually asked if his god had created itself. The man replied, "O, no, a friend made it." The evangelist then asked who had created the friend, and he was obliged to confess that the mysterious Creator had created him. Then the evangelist explained that God the Creator was our God, and he it was of whom he came to speak.

In another village the evangelists heard that a resident who was very ill had sent to Ifeko, one day's journey, for a witch-doctor. The medicine man came, and before looking at the patient demanded a dog to begin with. The dog was brought. Then he said: "The medicine is in the forest, but I will sit down here a few days to diagnose your case before I go to get it." The patient was afflicted with dropsy, which the medicine man said he could cure so that he would become as slim as his finger. The third day the doctor was himself taken with pneumonia, the dog given him began to have fits, and the news came that one of his wives had suddenly died. The evangelists were called, but frankly told him they had no medicine for pneumonia. This gave them a text from which to preach on the

heathen deceits and practices of witch-doctors, the end of which was the way of death. It was an opportune time for teaching, and they exhorted the people to drop that life and seek after the truth as revealed to them through Christ, the Son of God, of whom they had come to tell them. The message found a ready hearing. A few days later the witch-doctor himself died, impressing upon them the words heard.

The story of the opening of the first out-station, Bonkombo, with a family located there, has already been told in these pages; that was only the beginning of this new work. About the same time another feature developed. Chiefs of inland villages sent deputations to demand teachers, offering to build a chapel and house for the teacher who would come. This was a long stride in the right direction, and welcomed by all as a sign of the times.

The yearly report of 1906 contained these words: "The native church has grown in spiritual depth and independence. The chapel is too small. Fifty have been added by baptism, making a membership of one hundred and twenty-seven. They support thirteen evangelists. A very fruitful and permanent work is done by these earnest, consecrated workers. Their return from their trips every two months is a time of great rejoicing and enthusiasm. They bring with them the most sincere and earnest seekers of the communities where they have been preaching, as the fruits of their labors. This work is developing very rapidly, and it will be limited only by our ability to support men in it. Evangelism is the distinctive feature of the work at Bolenge, and we feel it is the only method by

A group of native evangelists supported by the Bolenge Church.

Mrs. Dye and some of the orphan girls at Bolenge.

which all the great black areas can be reached. The ultimate evangelization of Africa depends largely upon her own children. The preparation of evangelists is increasingly demanding the establishment of a training-school."

Meanwhile the work up the Bosira aroused the jealousy of the Catholics. They incited the Catholic Government officers to persecution. They haled the evangelists before the commandant, who falsely accused them of inciting the natives to refuse to pay taxes or work for the Government. They were forthwith sent to the judge, who let them off, but forbade their return. They went as before, but again were shamefully used by the petty officials, and returned. Three times an attempt was made. The last time the chief of the villages, who had welcomed them before, dared not now permit them to land or to preach in the villages, where for over a year they had gone freely in and out as welcome guests. Catholic catechists were placed in every village and our evangelists were haughtily ordered away, and were compelled even to sleep on sand bars and in the wild forest. Soon after this, however, the arrival of reinforcements made it possible for the missionaries to go up there and re-establish the work, for the natives did not desire Catholic teaching. Iso Timothy was put in charge of Longa. At the close of 1907 the membership of the church at Bolenge was three hundred and one, one hundred and eighty having been received during the year and thirty-five evangelists being supported. That year saw steady progress in every department, and new fields opened up everywhere. The year's report for 1908 was the best of all, showing a membership of

four hundred and fifty-one, representing fifty-four villages, scattered far and wide. In that report we read: "There are hundreds of miles of country and thousands of villages the mission has not yet reached even so much as once with an evangelist. A very crying need is for a school for evangelists."

It is surprising how well these natives preach and teach, considering the little time spent in regular training. As has been intimated, they are sharp and quick, and draw many lessons from their own native customs and stories.

There is a strange custom practiced in making peace between two villages that have been at war. A sum of money is pooled and a slave is bought, who is tied high in a tree midway between the two villages, where he is left to starve and die as a propitiation. This is a fine foundation on which to build the story of the Christ who was a voluntary propitiation for the whole world. They are clear, steady speakers with no mean oratorical ability, and hold their listeners spellbound as they lead them on to the climax.

One of these evangelists preaching at Longa, on the Bosira, from the parable of the mustard seed, said that the tiny seed had been planted there two years before when he and others had first come to preach. Then he went on to show the expanding force of the gospel; how even some of their number had accepted Christ and endured terrible persecutions for His sake, and that on the morrow, more were to be buried with Him in baptism. In closing, he told them that the little bush would one day grow to be a great tree—a mighty

church—and that many thousands would bow the knee to Jesus as King of kings and Lord of lords. This prophecy is already being fulfilled, as the church has now been established and the vanguard of the coming thousands is in sight.

On that day before mentioned, when the itinerating caravan stopped in the Bacwa village of dwarfs, one of the younger and less experienced evangelists arose to speak. He said: "When the Son of God was here on earth, a Bacwa woman came to him one day, and asked Him to cast a demon out of her daughter." Every eye was upon him and every ear attentive. "But Jesus said to her: 'Let the children be satisfied first, for it is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it unto the dogs.'" This was the very epithet cast at the Bacwa by the Nkundos, and every eye snapped fire and every hand gripped the bow more tightly, but they sat and watched and listened. "The Bacwa woman answered Jesus, 'Yes, Master; but even the dogs under the table eat the children's crumbs.'" Murmurs of applause went over the little audience as they realized that the Bacwa woman had answered well the white man's Teacher, whom they called the Son of God. Then the evangelist, having gained their attention and good will, went on to explain to them the life of Christ as exemplified in the miracle of the Syrophenician woman's daughter. This was a clever application of the story and wholly original with him.

Thus the new lessons are linked to the old and the word is preached with power. So through danger, privation, and persecution the dauntless apostles of the

Nkundo race have carried, are carrying, and will carry the light and life of the Son of man into every darkened region of that black land until He come again.

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light, they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."

CHAPTER XIV

Joseph and Lonkoko

For three years our work at Bolenge was attended with great difficulty and discouragement. First the spoken language of the people must be learned. Then this had to be reduced to written form and a literature created for the people. At the same time we strove in all ways to gain the confidence of the natives, and in return to give them as they were able to receive it, the words of eternal life. Day school was opened and medicine dispensed—from the bath-room window. The station grounds were kept in order for the sake of health, fresh foods were grown and the homes kept in repair, all of which required much hard labor. The difficulties of housekeeping in a tropical climate under a thatched roof were greater than they might seem, and much time was consumed in these more menial duties. In spite of this, regular services were held and a Sunday-school, all in one class, was organized. Special meetings for women once or twice a week were started, and short preaching trips were made to nearby villages. No attempt was made to have an emotional revival or evangelistic effort. It seemed wisest to wait until a desire for a changed life manifested itself in the lives of the people. One of the slaves who had been redeemed by the former missionaries was a lad named

Joseph. His original home was somewhere around Stanley Falls, and there he had been captured and sold. His masters having changed from time to time, he was carried farther and farther from his old home. Thus he gradually forgot most of his own language. He was an expert fisherman, using a big seine net, and was very profitable to his various masters. Finally he was redeemed by the missionary, and came to make his home at Bolenge. His slave name was dropped and he was called Josefa (Joseph), a name that seemed most fitting for a boy thus carried into slavery to a distant country where he had to learn another language. For some time he worked at his trade as a fisherman. He was successful and supplied fish not only for the table of the missionary, and for the orphanage children, but even had much left over to sell. Then, in the prime of his young manhood, a strange malady attacked him. This disease affected not only his flesh but also his bones, so that for years his life was a horrible nightmare of intense agony. There was then no medical missionary on the whole reach of the Upper Congo, and although there were others having medical skill, this pitiful case baffled them. Joseph was the first person to whom the attention of Dr. Dye was called. Joseph alone had kept his faith in God when all the others returned to heathenism. When Dr. Dye first saw him he was terribly crippled, and also partially paralyzed. He spoke indistinctly and with great difficulty a few words of several different languages, having chosen from each the words that were easiest for him to enunciate. He was often seized with sudden spasms of pain, causing him to shriek in unutterable agony.

During these spasms his muscles would contract until his bones would break. During the days of our installation at Bolenge we heard for the first time that piercing cry, and hastened to find some means of relieving the sufferer. The case was of such long standing that no ordinary means would stay its progress, so the advice of eminent physicians in New York City was sought, and with some success. The joy of Joseph knew no bounds as he felt the old pains gradually cease and strength return. How often we wished he could have felt the healing touch of the Master, for even after his release from pain his body was most horribly deformed!

There was then a boys' dormitory on the station, with small rooms opening out on both sides. Joseph occupied one of these small rooms because of his trustworthy character and his wholesome, quiet influence over the boys. He had been such a terrible sufferer for so long that he could then seldom even sit up. All through the day he lay patiently upon his board pallet, with a look on his face which comes to those who have the fellowship of Christ in suffering. Even then, when helpless and confined to his bed, he was trusted by all. He became the "banker," not for the mission boys alone, but for people of the heathen village as well.

Before his affliction he had learned to read and write a little, and, having a quick, retentive memory, he had stored away treasures of story and song, on which he feasted in his hours of loneliness. Little by little he grew stronger. He could soon sit on a stool in the doorway, and later learned to hitch himself down

the little flight of steps that led from his tiny upper chamber. The heathen resigns himself to die on the most trifling provocation, but not so Christian Joseph. His life became a burning and shining light. He had no use of his entire right side, and but limited use of the left, yet he made a saw from a piece of strap iron, and with it sawed all of his own firewood. He had a little use of his left hand. By holding the cords with his toes and his teeth he tied fish nets and made little fish traps, which he rented to the children and young men. Thus he earned part of his own living. He also took the native peppers and ground them to a powder in a mortar. This he mixed with salt and sold it in small quantities to eager buyers. He also raised fowls and sold them. Though uncomely to look upon, he wore a ready smile which transformed his face and won all hearts. From his little doorway he could watch the mission baby, whom he had named Okuki, as she played about the house. The natives had called her the little white spirit. Joseph and Okuki soon formed a close friendship, and amused themselves by calling back and forth to each other during the heat of the day. Then when the sun was down and it was safe for the little toddler to run out of doors, on would go her little hat, and over to Joseph she would run as fast as her little feet could carry her. There we were sure to find her, seated on a stick of wood, entertaining him with her limited vocabulary of Lonkundo. His face would be all aglow with love and delight as he listened to her. She always understood him, and often of her own accord carried him an orange, a banana, or a mango, which, though too common to be a delicacy to

him, was prized because of her sweet thoughtfulness. She was like a bright beam of sunshine in his life, and he cherished her memory and her quaint little sayings to the day of his death.

Joseph and the two dozen or more boys who roomed in the same dormitory cooked their dinner every night out of doors, several boys clubbing and cooking together. Supper is the chief meal of the day, and a time for general gossip and recital of the whole day's doings. These boys were all in school, and as Joseph could already read, he began informally to read to them a little. Then in an offhand way he would tell them some Bible story or lesson learned from the white teachers. Some one voluntarily would start up a song, and then another, until several were sung. Any one spoke as the inclination came, and altogether it seemed like a somewhat spirited Quaker meeting. The boys' house was raised on piles, and often when this camp-fire prayer-meeting would first start, the boys who were not interested would be seated about their own little fire on the opposite side of the house, evidently paying no attention to the little service. It was never long, however, after the meeting started until these also joined the group. None were invited, so these meetings were open and informal. All meetings were closed by mutual consent at any time. It was inspiring to slip quietly over after they were assembled, and, seated on a log of firewood, listen to that simple service. How little we realized into what it was destined to grow!

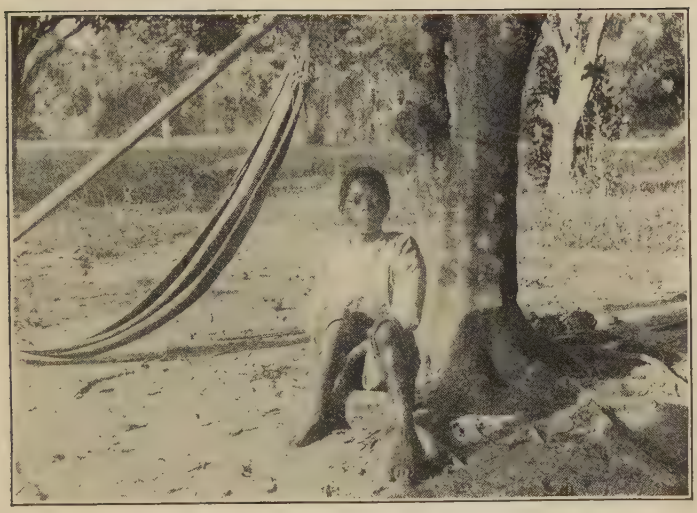
Before long a few people from the village began to attend, and then the mission work changed hands, new workers taking the place of the old ones who left

for home on furlough. The little meeting thus begun kept up with ever-increasing interest until there was no longer room about the camp fire, and it adjourned to meet in the chapel. Joseph was carried in a hammock and placed on a little stool which was reserved for him in the front of the chapel.

While God was thus preparing the soil of Bolenge, he was also implanting a desire elsewhere, and one day a marching column of one hundred people from an inland village came to ask for teaching. This was a genuine revival, without the human agency of a revivalist. The whole subsequent history of the church has proved it to have been a genuine and abiding spiritual awakening. In November of that year, 1902, the first converts were baptized. Great care was taken to make sure that they were "intelligent believers," able to give a reason for the faith that was in them.

Many of the regular attendants at the camp fire prayer-meeting were admitted to the church at this time. Joseph did not cease this quiet work, but he took up, in addition, a more extended ministry. For several years he was carried in his hammock to preach the gospel in surrounding villages. A little house was fitted up for him after the old dormitory was torn down. Here beside his own doorway he gathered little groups of eager learners, whom he taught the way of life more perfectly. He took charge of the sale of all fruit on the mission station that he might feel he was really earning his livelihood.

His long illness made him an easy prey to disease. The dread scourge of Congo came upon him and claimed him as its victim. He bravely fought off the dread



Joseph, the crippled evangelist.
The hammock in which he was carried is shown at the left.

Bonjolongo and one hundred people, whom he brought fifty miles from his native village to hear the gospel.

sleeping sickness, but it was a losing fight. How he begged to return to his old home to preach to his own people before he died! We knew it was impossible, and had to refuse his pleadings. Day after day, as long as he was able, faithful friends carried him to give a last message and exhortation to those still out of Christ.

When he gave up and took to his bed, the end was in sight. He was mercifully spared a lingering death. His death, even as his life, was triumphant. Joseph went to receive that "crown of life" promised to those who are "faithful unto death." Surely the crown of this faithful cripple will be radiant with stars.

The first man to be baptized was Lonkoko. He was not a native of the village of Bolenge, but was one who came for teaching. His own heart had been reaching out after God until he was led where he could find the way to Him. His was a wonderful experience, for he was not a boy but a man, having lived the heathen life to its limit, and having tasted of its bitter dregs. When, therefore, he gave up his numerous wives, and legally married one wife, set free his slaves, and gave up smoking and everything that savored of the old life, it was more than a ten days' wonder.

He was considered insane, and vile; sarcastic epithets were hurled at him on every hand. His wife was not strong, and with the kindness of his new life in his soul he carried water, cut firewood, and helped her in the garden. All of this, according to heathen ideas, was strictly woman's work. Accordingly, they jeered at him as he passed along the streets. "Oyala nk! omoto-o!" "You have become only a woman, have

you?" He would smile and return some pleasant answer, which was an even greater surprise, for what man would take such insults without at least returning one better than was given? Surely he was crazy. He was made a deacon in the young church, and none can ever forget the humility with which he always serves at the Lord's table. His demeanor is always as of one wholly unworthy for that service. He steps noiselessly about with downcast eyes, as though on holy ground. This attitude is never affected, but is typical of his new life in Christ. He was one of the first evangelists set apart and supported by the native church. Except during the serious illness of his wife, Mboyo, the own sister of Iso Timothy, and her subsequent death last year, he has been almost constantly away preaching.

He it was who alone, against the advice of the natives themselves, took a canoe and paddled across the Boloko, a tortuous inland stream, across which dwell the most cannibal tribes of the interior. He had heard a Macedonian call from across the Boloko, and nothing would prevent his going to answer it, though it might, as he well knew, mean his life. So this soft-hearted, womanly man (as they called him), without weapons, went alone to preach the gospel to this fierce, hostile tribe; notorious, in that they never let any man return who crossed the dividing stream. Across the Boloko, and up through the overgrown jungle path he went, until he stepped out unexpected and unannounced into the village common. Consternation knew no bounds, and the wary villagers seized their weapons and came to meet him, thinking he might be the advance guard of an enemy coming to fight them, but, if so, why

was he unarmed? Lonkoko soon found himself surrounded by these armed savages, demanding who and what he was; and what his purpose in coming to them; they leeringly reminding him that those who came thus, never returned. Then, in a fearless, straight-forward manner, he stood forth and in their own mother tongue told them of the coming of the white teachers, and the wonderful news they had brought, and then and there "he preached unto them Jesus." Long before he finished, they had, one by one, laid aside their spears and bows, and were quietly squatted on the ground, listening with rapt attention to the marvelous story. As this intrepid young man spoke to them, his face was aglow with a light they had never seen before. Murmurs of assent and applause punctuated his address, as some incident appealed to them, and, when the narrative was ended, they no longer threatened him, but beset him with questions. He wanted to return the same day, but they insisted that he stay all night. Then, trusting himself into their hands, he went to sleep and was undisturbed. In the morning he gave them a farewell message and departed, with a promise to return soon, bringing others with him to teach them. Back again across the Boloko Lonkoko paddled, and was met by groups of wondering natives. They had thought him dead when he did not return the previous night. They no longer called him a woman. The news of his remarkable bravery and escape from the cannibal village was telegraphed ahead of him on the native drums all the way home. He arrived at Bolenge at the regular time of the convocation of all the evangelists. The whole church was soon assembled to listen to the tri-

umphs of the gospel. Lonoko arose, and in his quiet, unostentatious manner told of his journey and the outcome, closing with an appeal for some one to volunteer to return with him. Six of the best men in the church arose. They did go back, not once, but again and again, and there are in the church at Bolenge to-day, men and women from across the Boloko, whose wild, savage, cannibal hearts were conquered by the gospel of peace and love. Lonkoko is still in the ranks, searching out more lands to conquer for Christ.

CHAPTER XV

Mark Njoji and Iso Timothy

There are a few names that will ever be inseparably linked with the history of our Congo Mission. The world speaks of the missionary, but except for these noble, consecrated, native leaders and pioneers the work would be weak indeed. These men are to the Congo church what the missionaries are to the home church. Their names and their work deserve to be as well known. They were recorded in the book on high.

One of these pioneer evangelists to his own race was Njoji, the son of old Bonkanza, the witch-doctor of Bolenge, and the younger brother of Bosekola, both of whose lives have already been written in this book. The old father was proudly fond of this boy, and our first remembrance of him is as he accompanied Bonkanza everywhere he went. The old man's favorite bent was fishing, and the lad soon learned to be an expert. Our table often bore evidence of their skill. Especially was this true when visitors came to us. When the old witch-doctor would hear the mission steamer whistle, he would push off his canoe, and before it was time to prepare the evening meal he would come smilingly up the front walk and in at the front door with a string of fish. His attire at such times was extremely funny, for he would have on every garment he possessed. He

liked shirts, and occasionally we gave him one in grateful recognition of the fish and wild meat which he gave to us so frequently. Having no cuff or collar buttons, he would tie the neck and wrist bands with strings. When making a hasty toilet he never stopped to untie these, but put his head and arms out through the larger slits in the bosom and sleeves. This left the collar band hanging, securely tied, out behind his head, and the empty wristbands dangling about his hands. Over all these European clothes he would have one or two blankets wrapped about him, the end of one thrown over his shoulder hiding one hand. Thus attired he often appeared, his genial old face abeam with satisfaction as with perfect ease and courtesy of manner he went from one to another of the assembled company of missionaries, shaking hands. He considered them all his friends, and the courtly way in which he greeted them made it appear as though he were doing them a distinguished honor. After having gone the rounds, he would motion for me to come out in the next room. There, hidden from the view of the company, although he kept one eye on them, he would draw out from behind the fold of the blanket a fine string of fish, saying he thought with so many visitors I would need some fish. He was a generation ahead of the rest of his race. It was thus the old man taught his little boy to be always a friend of the white man. He it was who brought Njoji to school and always kept him there to acquire the wisdom of the white man. He became one of the first pupils, and, by diligence in study, became one of the first pupil teachers, although still but a boy.

The father died and Bosekola, who stood in his father's stead, also soon sickened. Bosekola wanted Njoji to follow his profession and be a witch-doctor; and before his death delivered to him his medicine bag and charms, explaining their secrets. The father and the older brother were both buried with all the heathen rites and ceremonies befitting their rank. After their death Njoji continued his attendance at school, and became one of those who first made known their desire to become a Christian. Njoji had inherited all the wives and slaves of both father and brother, besides their lucrative profession and chieftainship of their section of the village. The wives were left free to return to their own people or remain where they were. The slaves became as his own brothers, sharing with him the care of his mother and the aged wives of his father. When Njoji was sent as an evangelist, they remained to look after his interests until, one by one, they all became Christians with him. One of the happiest days of his life was when he saw his own mother confess her faith in Jesus Christ, and be baptized in the Congo. His joy knew no bounds.

He was the first pioneer who went to open up work on the Bosira, and the value of his teaching there can not be estimated. The results are seen to-day in the new station opened at Longa, which was the basis of his operations in the early days. He is a strong preacher, and, because of his father's fame, he is always received with hearty welcome by the chief men. He has only to ask, "Did you know Bonkanza?" (Who, indeed, did not know him in the old days?) When they answer in chorus with a hearty, "Yes," he will

tell them that he was his son. More than any other, he has the power to break their faith in the old superstitions, because he knew and could reveal to them the deceit and trickery practiced upon them, and they never doubt his word for a moment.

Njoji had a wonderful grasp of his own language, a wide vocabulary and spoke as do the elders, in proverbs and with pure literary style. Little time had been devoted to the translation of the language, because little time was left for that. When it came time for our second furlough, in 1907, the field committee thought it advisable to bring one of the native teachers home to help in translation work. Many would have liked to come, but the missionaries were unanimously in favor of Njoji, because of his strong, sensible nature and his proficiency in the language. He was called and the question presented to him. Without a moment's hesitation, he answered: "Yes, I will go, not because I desire to see the splendors of the white man's country or to come back and live in its glories, but if I can thereby learn more of God and assist in giving His word to my people, I will go." But a few weeks were left at home, and these were spent in making provision for his wife and his people. He had married, not from the heathen village, but from among the mission girls. He, of course, was a tither, and in fishing would bring his first fish as his offering, saying he might not get ten, but the Lord must have His share anyway. His heathen relatives and friends now tried to dissuade him from going, and accused him of everything they could think of. Amba, his wife, however, stood by him and bravely bade him go. His experiences on the ocean,

in England, and his first impressions of America would fill a book themselves. Imagine what such a trip would mean to an erstwhile heathen, whose life and the life of whose ancestors had been confined to the narrow limits of a small village or section of country. His first thought of the sky-scrapers in New York City was that they must have grown up out of the ground. He saw civilization from a new point of view. His descriptions given in his home letters were realistic and lively. The winter which he spent in Michigan with us was the most severe for many years. Njoji never ceased wondering at the snow and ice and wagons without wheels. These things were more marvelous to him than automobiles, for he had seen launches and steamers, and were not automobiles land launches?

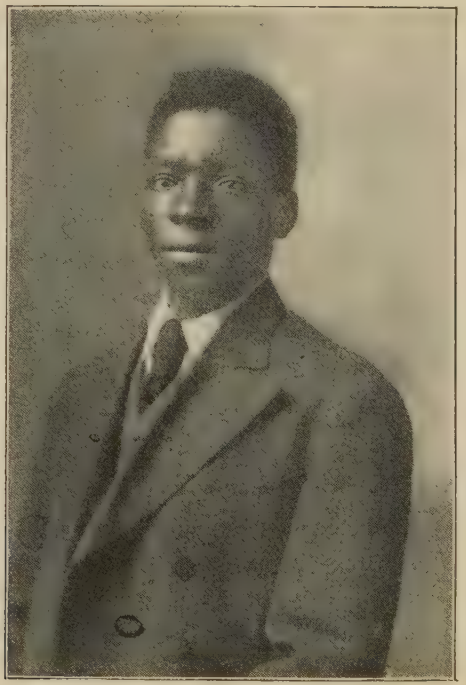
For a year the broken health of the writer prevented any work on the language. On this account Njoji was taken to Battle Creek, where Dr. Kellogg kindly apprenticed him in the printing house. He had as yet but a very limited knowledge of English, but here, away from any one who could speak to him in his own language, he acquired English rapidly. He became a marvel to those with whom he worked because of the skill and aptitude shown in whatever he undertook. He never learned any slang, but seemed to pick out the best and leave the rest, so that he spoke purer English than many others about him.

In September of 1908 we went to the Sanitarium for the winter, and while there employed every day possible in translation work. Njoji was now taking the regular course in hydrotherapy, and spending every afternoon giving treatments, in which he showed re-

markable skill. His forenoons and evenings were spent in helping to translate the Gospels into his language. In this he was excellent help, especially in detecting fine shades of meaning and in the employment of native idioms. He never became tired of this and felt at last repaid for coming so far from home.

This last spring, after having been a year at the "World's Greatest Sanitarium," he left to come with us to Illinois. Here, while waiting patiently but eagerly for the time when he should start for home, he helped in revising the Gospel of Mark, and in the revision and completion of a synopsis of the Lonkundo Grammar. But for his wife he would have stayed longer, though he was often homesick to get back. Not homesick for his people so much as homesick to teach and preach to them from the store of treasures he had laid by in his mind and heart. He seemed unspoiled by his coming, and, in a remarkable way, understood and made allowances for the weakness and failings of so-called Christians here at home. The Congo work was commended to all who saw him because of his fine face and sterling character. He was devoted to us and to the children, who returned his affection and talked often with him of their going to Africa and seeing him again some day when they were old enough. His parting with us as he returned to Africa with Dr. Dye was hard, and his farewell message will never be forgotten. His letters since leaving have been full of comfort and cheer, and he says as we feel lonely in their absence, so his own heart is "broken in pieces" at the thought that he can no longer see us. As these words are being penned a line comes from England

Evangelist Iso Timothy
and his good wife.



Evangelist Mark Njoji,
whose father and brother were witch-doctors.

which he closes thus, "From one who loves you as a very own child." He has gone back in the same spirit in which he came, his sole desire being to more efficiently preach the Word of God to his countrymen. Surely he was led of God in coming, and the same power will make him mighty in turning many souls to righteousness. We think of old Bonkanza and his oft-repeated injunction to the little lad, "Always be a friend to the white man," and wish he could have lived to see how Njoji became not only a friend to the white man, but also the white man's friend.

Another one of these early leaders was Iso Timothy. He also was of the nobility, his father and uncles being chiefs. His home was Bolenge while a little child, and when the station was first opened, before it was taken over by the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, he was a bright, sunny-faced boy. He was interested in all the wonderful new buildings and became a favorite of the missionary; he was not afraid of the missionary. Often he rode to the forest, where the timber was being cut, perched on the white man's shoulder. His father died and his mother went to be the wife of another man away from Bolenge, taking her little son and baby daughter. So they were moved from the influence of the mission. When he grew to boyhood, however, his desire was to go to work for the white people, so he went to be general boy or servant to a State officer. In this way he traveled the country over and learned much of the ways of white people—the unprincipled ways of the petty Government official and trader. Of course, Iso fell into many bad habits. The wine and champagne

bottles were often given him to finish; and smoking was a virtue. Following the example of his white master, he took no wife but lived a life of wantonness. There were no schools to which he could go, yet he had a craving to know what the characters meant on the letters received by his white man. He would copy these over and over until he could imitate the writing, but did not know their meaning. Finally, having finished his contract or "book" with the white man, he came to Bolenge. He found children going to school and learning just what he wanted to know. He remained and entered school, being at that time a young man seventeen or eighteen years old.

He was eager for knowledge and learned rapidly. In his wanderings he had acquired many languages; as soon as he could read, he bought books from other missions whose language he knew. In this way he had access to all of the Bible that had been translated into any language on the Upper Congo. His desire for knowledge alone led to his desire for something deeper, and he too became one of the first converts. From his long contact with French-speaking people he had picked up much of their language, and also a politeness and polish not natural to the untutored savage. He taught his own sister, who accepted Christ and became the wife of Lonkoko, the first convert at Bolenge, who is spoken of elsewhere. For a long time he was stationed at the Government post as evangelist, where he did a great work. There he met and fell in love with the sister of Ibuka, the great State chief, but she had been legally married to a man who had since taken other wives. She had left him, but could not be free

from him. For two years, to the astonishment of the heathen, these two waited, trying every means to free her. Their exemplary lives meanwhile greatly recommended their profession of religion to the heathen, who did not deem such constancy possible. Finally they were married, and it was a day of joy to the whole church and community.

Iso was an ideal pioneer, possessing those qualities that win the good-will of black and white alike. I can think of no field now occupied by evangelists where Iso has not gone, either to open, or to follow up and establish the work. He it was who was instrumental in God's hands in opening the wonderful work at Monyeka, one hundred and fifty miles beyond Longa, on the Bosira. There he goes to spend four months at a time because of the distance from here. He is as well versed in the Catholic litany as any follower of theirs, yea, better. He can quote to them pages and pages out of their imperfectly translated books, and rails on them for not even living up to their own teaching. He has been called to have many an argument with the head priest, whom he has worsted on every occasion, until now their followers and catechists are warned not to argue with him. Iso is a worthy follower of Alexander Campbell, for in all these debates he keeps cool; is gracious and pleasant toward all.

At Monyeka the witch-doctors banded against Iso, seeing in his teaching the destruction of their power. One day they came into the street and calling the crowds together, told them they had placed medicine in the path which would cause the death of a certain man before night. Iso demanded to be shown the medicine, and in the sight of all picked it up and swallowed it.

They watched to see him fall down in convulsions and die, but to their amazement he stood right there and preached to them of the trickery of their witch-doctors, telling them that their only sure protection was faith in a living God. Again we hear the voice of the Master speaking to the apostles, "If they drink any deadly thing, it shall in no wise hurt them." After this the whole town gathered together and drove the witch-doctors from their village. He was soon to find, however, that these men were not the only enemies of the truth. While he was absent a week or two, the Catholics sent catechists who decorated the inhabitants with their tin badges, telling them the English religion was worthless for they had no sign, but that their badges would save them. They were made to believe that this new fetish would save from fire or drowning. When Iso returned he found to his disgust and disappointment a catechist calmly usurping his place. Quick as a flash a sudden thought occurred to him, and that night as the people were gathered around the fire, their chief in the midst, Iso began to speak to them of their new medals. Turning to the chief he said, "If that charm will save you from fire, it will surely stand fire, will it not?" In a moment the string was cut off his neck, and, handing it to a lad, he bade him toss it in the fire. It quickly melted before his eyes, and the next day every charm was gone and the catechist too.

Iso is still at Monyeka, where people are voluntarily giving up their polygamy and seeking to follow Christ, not by tens and twenties, but by hundreds.

"And in none other is there salvation; for neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved."

CHAPTER XVI

Lokange, the Converted Tax Gatherer

As a result of the evangelistic itinerations into the interior some of the strongest characters in the church were developed. They were like the black diamond, the dark exterior being the blackness of the old, sinful life. As this was worn away the clear brightness of the gem itself began to appear. One of the least promising of all in the large inland village of Bonsole was a man past middle life named Lokange. The wonderful story of his conversion, as recently written by Dr. Dye, is as follows:

Of all the wild men of the wild cannibal village of Bonsole, Lokange was conceded to be the wildest. They called him "Bokol' Etaka," which means literally "the hard nut," "the iron-wood." Always ready for a fight, always picking a quarrel, always leading his wild cannibal village in its bloody raids on the neighboring forest peoples, Lokange was well chosen by his chief to collect the taxes of their troublesome village.

Bolenge's intrepid evangelists entered that wild village to preach, and Lokange became one of the most violent of their persecutors. He saw that the gospel meant war upon their old customs and bloody life. He did not mean to give them up, and so fought in every way possible the message and its messengers.

Failing to drive them out by cursing and reviling, he persecuted in various ways, but could make no impression on them. Finally he came up one day when they were preaching, and defied them, challenging their message. "It 's a lie. There is no God who loves us. There is no Father such as you tell about. There is no Savior who died for us. It 's a lie. And you are hypocrites; you have n't given up the old life, nor your wives, nor your gambling or cursing or lying. I am going down to Bolenge and find out about it; and when I do, I will come back and we will drive you out of our village." He came the whole distance from Bonsole, fifty miles, to Bolenge to expose the native church and find out the hypocrisy of these teachers. He found the little native church a remarkably transformed people, sitting peaceably by their firesides, earning their own living, and cleaned up from the filth of the old life. He found them trying to be kind to one another and to love their single wives and be true to each other. He tried men and women with the call to the old life, and they would not answer any of the temptations which would have been their pleasure to have yielded to before. Finally he came to the mission and said to the missionary, "Tell me all about it, teacher. Make it very plain to me, for I am a very old man." So we had the joy of making it plain to even the wicked old Lokange. He went back home to his people and drummed the whole village together. "Come and hear what Lokange has to say," he called on the great hollow log war-drum (after their own system of telegraphy). They always had to listen to Lokange in the old day, and they came together and

listened as he told them the story of redeeming love. "You know me, do n't you?" he shouted. Surely, they knew Lokange. "You know why I went up to Bolenge, do n't you?" Yes, they knew that, too. "Well," he declared, "it 's true. That religion is true!" And so they sat and marveled at the old man's story of wondrous grace. When he had finished his message, he turned to them and declared that he freed all of his slaves. "You are free. Just as free as I am." Then to his harem of wives and concubines he turned with the startling words: "And you are not my wives any more. I will have nothing more to do with you. I will not ask your fathers or former masters for my money back. You are free. Any of you who want to go with me into this new life may come." The younger ones said: "Not us. We will not go with a man who has but one wife." But old Ifonda said, "Lokange, we have lived together all these years; I will go with you and learn, too, this way you are following." His friends reviled him: "Look at Lokange; he is nearing the grave; he takes an old woman. Lokange is dead." Yes, he was dead to the old life that had been his so long. He was a man fully sixty years old. Such is the marvelous power of the gospel. The young church viewed his conversion as a very "miracle."

Over the river from Bolenge lies several fishing villages. At one of them, when the native evangelists preached their message and started on to the next, the people gathered on the bank and challenged them: "If you dare to pass us by, we will tell that God you preach about on you. Are we not people? Why do you pass us by?" The native evangelists had sent back this

startling message to the little native church, and they sent an evangelist to answer this challenge. Who better than old Lokange could have been chosen? He went and he preached. The strong, powerful chief soon saw that he had invited the destruction of his old life and power, and so he began a very virulent persecution. Finally, one day as Lokange was preaching, he came up, armed with his fearful execution knife and his bloody spear, and dared the old evangelist to bring out his God. "Where is that God of yours? You just bring him out here. I 'll give him the fight of his life. Why, I will take my spear and my 'ngwolo' knife and I 'll show him what for. Why, I am a buffalo hunter. I 'll soon show that God what." He did not know what he was saying. He was only a wild, heathen chief. He was indeed one of the most daring and successful buffalo hunters, and was a man of undoubted courage and skill. What could the old evangelist do? He went to his house and prayed. He preached about the streets as usual, but no one listened. Why, had not their chief challenged this God of Lokange's, and he had failed to vindicate himself? Several days passed, and the chief went off on one of his periodical buffalo hunts. Soon the news was brought in that his last buffalo had gored him to death. Immediately the heathen natives declared, "God has killed him; he reviled God." Fear fell upon them, and old Lokange preached on the same loving message of God as a Father of love. They listened with renewed interest to it, and, finally, after much tears and painful suffering of persecution, Lokange saw the first fruits of his preaching, and altogether some twenty-three were baptized in that wild village.

Lokange came back again and again as usual to Bolenge to report his work. After one of these visits, his serious illness was reported. When he was taken sick with pneumonia, the little band of believers in that far village to which he had gone telling the story of God's love, said, "Let us put you in a canoe and take you right back to Bolenge, where the doctor can cure you." "O, no!" said Lokange, "I must stay and preach some more." So, day after day they brought him out of the house at sunset and sunrise, while he told again the story he loved so well, till finally he became too weak to speak out again. So they placed him, fainting, in a canoe and started to Bolenge, forty miles away. They arrived at the beach and tenderly picked the little old man up and carried him up the hill to the hospital. We worked over him for some time, and then had to tell him it was too late. "O, then," he said, "call together my brethren." And so the little church gathered about his bedside, and he bade them good-bye. "Do not look back on the old life, brethren. Do n't let those filthy rags allure you again. Be faithful to the end, and we will meet over there," he stammered between fainting and painful breaths. "I am very happy, for I am going home." Ah, he was happy! Could you have seen the wonderfully sweet smile that lit up his old, seamed, and haggard face, as he slipped away to the glory land, you would have thought it worth while, too.

Old Lokange was baptized November, 1903, just one year after the organization of the church, and died July 29, 1905. His was an entire change of heart. Instead of being hard and grasping as heretofore, he

became most thoughtful and sympathetic. He was the first to offer help in every time of need, and often toiled all night on the river that he might bring an offering of fresh fish to the sick missionary.

In the month of March of the year he died, at a business meeting of the church, Lokange arose and said: "Brethren, I have something to tell you. You know my little daughter, Nsombe. You remember that when we came here she would curse every one, even her own mother. Now she has learned better things, and I never want her to return to heathenism and the ways of the past. When I became a Christian I paid all my debts, so that no one might ever have a claim on her. Therefore, it is my desire, if I should die, that she go to the mission to be under the care of the missionaries, whoever may be here." Little did any one realize how soon they would have cause to remember those words.

After his death his heathen relatives did try to keep Nsombe, but as they had no claim on her, the church and the missionaries were true to this trust. Nsombe was for a long time the baby of the mission, and a dear little child she was, being then about four years old. She is a quiet, quaint little old-fashioned girl, and wanted to try to learn everything the older girls knew. When she was with us a year she was useful in many ways and had learned to sew quite well. Nsombe is not the baby now, but quite a little woman, and beloved of all. We hope so to train and mold her young life that she may take up the work laid down by her sainted father, who loved her as do few fathers in Congoland.

CHAPTER XVII

A Wonderful Christmas

Christmas is essentially a Christian holiday. By the widening of its usage, the real meaning and significance of the day has been lost. It seemed desirable to restore the beautiful symbolism of the day, in bringing it to the new Church. All that has become associated with that day through superstitious fancy and nationalistic customs was dropped. It was given to the Bolenge church in a double light of a holy commemoration and a joyful festival.

It being the day commemorating the birth of the Christ-child, it was suggested that it would be more in keeping with the day to bring a gift to the Christ than to exchange gifts with each other, as they had seen Europeans do. This idea was accepted gladly, and for weeks before Christmas the people prepared for that part of the celebration.

At first all the attention of the gathering hosts was given to the new Tabernacle. It was high and broad with a palm thatch roof. There were no walls, though the roof extended over so far that there was ample protection from both sun and storm. A few days before Christmas the addition of platform and benches gave the finishing touches. None of those who came

had ever seen or dreamed of the like before. Its size amazed them, and they asked if there was anything larger in Europe. They saw nothing of the beautiful surroundings, the building itself filling their whole vision. To us one of its greatest beauties was the situation, so suitable in every way. A large grassy plot of ground, a plantain and banana grove stretching across one side, their mammoth leaves giving protection from the sun. At the rear is the arching pathway of beautiful young palms, which borders the station round. Scattered here and there, the stately old palms, with their unique natural decorations of many varieties of ferns and orchids, growing upon the palm itself, lend grace and charm to the scene. The approach to the church is beneath the overhanging boughs of the orange grove, whose rich blossoms fill the whole air with their fragrance. The native does not appreciate beauty in nature, and is consequently slow in learning its language. They understood the beauty of the tabernacle, however, and no imposing structure of stone with steeples or domes could ever be so beautiful as this rude building of poles and thatch, with nature's own carpet, and rough slat seats.

The Lord's Day before Christmas the Tabernacle was dedicated to God. It was a glorious sight to look upon that great assembly, and to watch their faces as they listened to the new-old story of the Christ. It was the largest audience ever seen in Bolenge, and not one lukewarm, indifferent church-goer in it. What a contrast to the little, disinterested gathering of a few years previous! Then, the few who did come, came to show their respect to the white man, and slept

soundly throughout the service; or else they came because they felt compelled to come as workmen of the white man. No woman in this great audience was bedecked in red complexion powder and not a babe is disturbed in its peaceful slumber by the removing of eyelashes. Could a greater change be imagined? Five hundred people gathered with one accord to commemorate the birth of their newly-found Savior! Young men, young women, men and wives with their children, old gray-haired grandmothers and grandfathers, all there, clean, quiet, and attentive to every word of the blessed message. Changed by the power of God from rawest heathenism, fiercest cannibalism, and unspeakable immorality, to these peaceful, law-abiding, upright citizens of the kingdom of God on earth.

At the close of that memorable service thirty people confessed faith in their Savior for the first time. Never had such an impressive sight been witnessed. Among the number there were six very old women who had been the very bulwark of the old superstitions. Two of these were great-grandmothers, one being almost blind. As they made their confession of faith in Christ as the Son of God and their Savior their voices rang through the auditorium, and measures of applause followed. These were as sheaves ripe unto harvest.

The "same hour" these thirty were baptized in the river, the vast concourse of people witnessing the impressive scene from the hillside. Buried, buried with Christ, arising to walk in newness of life—what a load of sin, too black and horrible for contemplation, is buried with some of them in the deep, dark waters of the

mighty Congo! What a depth of meaning for them in the new life into which they have entered!

That afternoon the Bible-school had its largest attendance to date, four hundred and seventy-three being present. The year's lessons on the Life of Christ had led up to His death and resurrection. Thus the visiting peoples, as well as the resident members, heard that day of the greatest events in the life of the Son of man. They also saw them in the symbol in the baptismal waters, and in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. This latter was observed after the Sunday-school, that all might be present. The entire assembly remained and maintained throughout, a most reverential silence. Thus closed one of the history-making days in the Congo Mission.

All day Monday the Christian women and mission girls were cooking and preparing for the great feast on the morrow, Christmas day. At daybreak a devotional service was held, which brought all into the spirit of the day. The forenoon was consumed in arranging for the great feast of the church. Huge tubs of antelope, and smoked fish cooked in palm oil, were deliciously inviting, as were all of the other native dishes, which were crowded on the platform of the Tabernacle. About four hundred people were seated to partake of them; the Christians, their children, the mission orphans, and the "strangers within their gates." A goodly supply was left, which was sent to the aged and sick in the village, making many a one happier than he had been for years. One of the unique features of this feast was the men eating with their wives, which is contrary to heathen custom, where men eat first, and

Baptizing in the Congo, at Bolenge.

women and children partake of the leavings. Christianity here, as everywhere, is gradually raising women to a higher place; and surely nowhere does she so need it.

At five o'clock all the Christians gathered for their special service, and none were absent, pleading poverty as an excuse. Each one present, as his name was called, went forward, and, having presented himself anew to the service of the Master, then presented his offering. All are poor, so those who had no money to offer brought one of their few possessions which might be sold. Out of their great poverty their offering amounted to four thousand brass rods, as a thank offering for the wondrous gift of salvation brought to them by the Christchild. What more blessed commemoration of a holy day could possibly be imagined?

At seven o'clock an evangelistic service was held, led by four deacons, each giving an account of some event connected with the birth of Christ. Surely there was feasting for both soul and body that day, and who can measure the influence, as the visiting strangers returned to their homes, spreading the good news everywhere?

This was followed immediately by a week of prayer, three services being held daily, one for Christians with the purpose of deepening and strengthening their spiritual life; the other two being purely evangelistic. This was concluded by a watch-night service, which was a great uplift to the young Christians especially, and a means of strength to all.

These unique Christmas services have been continued, and every successive year has witnessed a sur-

prising increase in the attendance, and also an increase in the glad offering to the Babe cradled in a manger long ago. Like the Magi of old, they bring their gifts to lay at the feet of the Christ, and though they be not gold, frankincense, or myrrh, but brass rods, mats, plates, cloth, chickens, dried fish, belts, knives, spoons, and garden truck, yet is their offering greater in His sight. Everything accruing from the sale of these gifts is used in spreading the glad tidings of the Christmas story everywhere. They give according to the measure of their love, and, like the widow who cast her mite into the treasury, these who give out of their penury are more blessed than those in more favored lands who "their abundance cast in unto the offering of God."

CHAPTER XVIII

An Apostolic Church

The Congo is a country where animal, vegetable, and insect life grows rank and wild; and where the heathen in his native state is as rank and wild as his surroundings. It is one of God's strange paradoxes that Christianity when once implanted here grows also with rapidity, and its depth and strength is not impaired by its rapidity of growth.

The little church organized with less than twenty members in 1902, has already, in less than seven years, reached seven hundred. Other congregations are being formed which will increase the ratio of growth. The aim, however, has never been for numerical strength, but rather for stability, else might the church have passed its thousand mark long ago. Here, as everywhere, the primitive gospel is sure to make progress.

The church in its workings is essentially apostolic, especially in its observance of the ordinances and in the grace of giving. The poorest churches are frequently the richest in faith and consecration. Certainly few are poorer in this world's goods than these Congo natives when they become Christians. As has been seen, in becoming Christians these people give up all claim to their heathen inheritance of slaves and plural wives, in which their entire wealth consists. The church is

thoroughly evangelistic and entirely self-supporting. Their giving is remarkable considering their wages. The average salary of a man is ten brass rods a day. At first many members of the church received but twenty-five cents to one dollar a month, besides their board. From the first all became tithers, and the following table will give an idea of the steady growth of the church, both in membership and benevolence:

Year	Members	Contributions	Evangelists supported by the native church
1903	48	5,035 brass rods	6
1904	77	17,431 " "	8
1905	92	29,700 " "	10
1906	125	35,000 " "	13
1907	301	50,000 " "	35
1908	451	60,000 " "	52

One of these eleven-inch bits of brass wire costs about one cent, but more than equals ten times that amount when compared with values in America. Their tithes are all brought and entered in a book by the missionary, no one else ever knowing the amount of their gifts. The total amount is reported weekly at the regular Saturday night business meeting of the church.

In 1906 the home churches began to keep an eye on Bolenge, and some one writing at that time called it "Our Banner Church." He said: "If all our churches in this country had as high an evangelistic standard as the brethren at Bolenge, and each nine members support a tenth as an evangelist, while the latter gave himself to the ministry of the Word, we would have an army of 125,000 preaching the gospel, and we could compass the evangelization of the world

in a decade." They are apostles set on fire by their message, and they in turn set Congo on fire.

Every two months these evangelists return from their long itinerations, bringing with them many of the people among whom they have been preaching. These come to verify the words of the native teacher by the mouth of the white teacher himself. The teaching they have heard seems too good to be true, but a week or so at Bolenge always satisfies them as to its truth.

Once when the evangelists returned from their July trip the church treasury was nearly empty, and funds were needed to send them out again. A special meeting was called, and the matter was placed before the church and a special thank offering asked for. The response would have put any home church to shame. Remember that these were already tithers, so the extra offering must come from a consecrated purse, which with them is a secret hiding-place in the garden. There was no house-to-house visitation, nor appointment of a finance committee, nor passing of subscription blanks, but before the week had passed four thousand rods had been contributed voluntarily. Men, women, and children came at any time of day or night bringing their offerings. One of the mission sawyers drew and gave a tenth of his whole year's salary as his share. Some little boys each gave a sixth of their small wages; and one young man gave one-half of his hard-earned year's pay. Nkoi, who formerly supported his own evangelist as a living-link, had gone himself to preach, together with his wife. They received for one trip six hundred brass rods, and on their return they gave four hundred back into the church treasury. Then, in addition to

this, they gave five hundred rods as a thank offering. Several old widows, out of their extreme poverty, gave a real Scriptural mite, bringing baskets of provisions from their garden, which represented their whole living. Some of the orphanage girls gave liberally from their small earnings received for well done work. Joseph, the cripple, gave two of his cherished fowls.

At another time the treasury was low, and either the number of evangelists had to be reduced or some other provision made. A special meeting was again called, for it was not the missionaries' business, but the business of the church. As before, the whole situation was placed before them. Their consecration exceeded all expectations. When told that the number must be cut down, one arose and said: "White teacher, we can not do that, we have promised to send teachers and the people expect them. They would not understand the reason, and we must not refuse to send them or God will hold us responsible." He then said that he would go on a salary one-third less, and let the remainder go toward another. One after another these native preachers arose to their feet, gladly offering to do the same. The resident members then volunteered another thank offering, so that the following week not less but more evangelists were sent, some going to answer fresh calls from other towns.

Besides these regularly appointed evangelists, every member of the church is an evangelist. Wherever they go they make it their business to preach the wonderful gospel message that means life to them. But besides this, as a measure of their love and joy, they give toward the preaching of the gospel among the great unevangelized tribes in the inland regions, where all can not go.

A class of sixty-four converts, baptized at Bolenge, March 17, 1909.

This church is not characterized as apostolic for giving alone, but because of its doctrine and ordinances as well. They preach the "Word" and that only, and "Christ and Him crucified" is their only theology. They are taught that baptism is for those old enough to be intelligent believers. Some of the most beautiful scenes we have ever witnessed have been the symbolic burial of such (often many in one day) beneath the waters of the Congo. These have indeed risen from the waters of baptism to walk in newness of life. At one time sixty-four were baptized, and that scene is indelibly stamped on the memory of all who witnessed it.

As in the New Testament Church, the Bolenge church meets together every Lord's Day to break bread; and this is to each and all a sacred feast. By it they themselves testify to being kept from sin and temptation through the week. They say that the thought of meeting at the Lord's table comes ever before them in times of sudden temptation, and keeps them from falling. Often the non-resident members will come long journeys by land and by canoe to be present at this communion service. It is to them the inner sanctuary where He comes to meet them. Many times they must return to their homes as soon as the service is over, but they feel repaid, as indeed they are. After the communion service every Lord's Day morning, baskets are passed and a free-will offering received, which again is over and above the regular tithe. No offerings are taken at regular evangelistic services, so the church is almost entirely supported by the offerings of Christians only. Occasionally those desiring to be taught more perfectly the way of life ask for the privilege of

making systematic contributions, which, of course, they are permitted to do.

These Christians are all total abstainers from tobacco, hemp, liquor of all kinds, and every other heathen habit. They say they do n't want even the smell of old life left upon them. Any one not conforming to the confession he or she has made before many witnesses is disciplined. No difference is made for rich or poor—all observe the same rules of discipline. If the offense is slight they are denied the privilege of the Lord's table, and nothing causes them deeper sorrow. This is sure to bring true repentance and a speedy return to the straight and narrow way which leads to life. No sin or tendencies to even the appearances of sin are passed over or winked at either by the church or the missionary. Thus the membership is always made up of living, active members, all others being dropped from the regular list after many repeated warnings and much teaching.

Thus this church strives to conform to the ideal pattern. It has not yet attained, but "forgetting those things which are behind and stretching forward to the things that are before," it is pressing onward toward the goal.

CHAPTER XIX

Sunshine and Showers

The great difficulty which confronts the missionary in going to Congo, and that which is an ever-present menace to him there, is the climate. Being situated directly on the equator, as Bolenge is, there are not the long wet and long dry seasons common above or below the equator. On the other hand, there are really four seasons, these being the shadings of the two above and the two below the equator. Recognized by the native himself are the long and short rainy seasons, and the long and short dry seasons. The long rainy season begins the last of August and extends to the first of December, while the sun is taking its course from the equator to the southern solstice. The long dry season begins in May and continues until the beginning of the long rainy season in August. The wet seasons are the most disagreeable, for the rains come down in torrents by night or by day. Terrific wind storms, hurricanes, and tornadoes become frequent. The thunder and lightning are unsurpassed elsewhere, the lightning coming in wonderful shoots of light painful to the eyes. Between the storms the atmosphere is almost unbearably sultry and humid. The sun tries to outdo itself. One perspires profusely with no exertion, and when at work the clothing becomes as wet

as though immersed in water. Frequent changes of clothing are necessary. This is the only time during the year, however, when the nights are uncomfortably warm, and then but seldom, for tornadoes come to cool the air.

Every one rejoices when the rains are over for even a short time, but gladly welcomes them again after the dry season. The long dry season which precedes the long wet is not hot, as might be imagined, but to the European is the most healthful season of all. The sun is under a cloud nearly all the time, and every morning the sky is overcast and threatening as though a storm were imminent. However, by noon the sky is clear, but the atmosphere remains cool. This is the time when the missionary's flagging energy is revived for a time, and he feels a returning ambition to work. The native, however, suffers most in this season because of the cold, which in his unprotected state is quite severe. Pneumonia and kindred ills are the result, and the epidemics of influenza spread so that the medical missionary gets but little rest. A cool breeze sweeps across the river almost all the time, and to us is very refreshing.

Although there are these distinct seasons, yet being on the equator, it frequently rains in the dry seasons and is often dry during the rainy season. The climate is more bearable on this account, and a garden of European vegetables can be grown the year around. The earth being much nearer the sun, the vertical rays have an intensity not equaled elsewhere. On this account the indispensable pith helmet is worn on the head, which is common in all tropics, but here an abso-

lute necessity. Great care must be taken never to be exposed to the sun without this protection. A few moments bareheaded there would surely be followed by sunstroke. Missionaries who are extremely careful in this regard have been known to have been taken down with fever, and have died in a few days from the thoughtless exposure of the bare head to the sun.

The average temperature is not as high as might be imagined, though when that ball of fire sends down its most piercing rays no ordinary house thermometer will register the temperature. A young missionary coming out and stopping at Bolenge thought there would be the place to test a fine new thermometer. Accordingly he unpacked it, and while it registered but 90° in the house, when it was placed on the steps in the sun it went up never to come down again. His was not the only one spoiled in such experiments.

Bolenge is, compared with many others, a very healthful place, but, after all, it is no sanitarium. Such a climate is trying to any European, and there is no such thing as acclimatization, and never can be. The only thing which might be so called is the precaution he learns to take. The missionary societies at work in this part of Africa have found it absolutely necessary to bring the missionaries home for furlough and recuperation at least every three years. One is always facing imminent death and disease, and learns to take so many precautions to avoid these that he does it unconsciously. Even after being long removed from the Congo he still finds himself occasionally observing the rules of that region.

Much of the insalubrity of the climate is caused by

malaria. Owing to this being the great swamp district, the dread mosquito finds here a happy habitation. When the great river is high much of the swamp country is more like a great sea, with islands appearing on its surface. When the river subsides the swamps are reeking with mosquito larvæ, and soon life is made miserable by them. That malaria is caused by mosquitoes, or by a certain species of mosquito, the Anopheles, is no longer questioned. Scientific investigations have proved this beyond the shadow of a doubt. None could be more strongly convinced of this than we who live in this particular portion of Africa. Another menace to health has appeared during the history of our own mission. This is sleeping-sickness. To these might be added dysentery, pneumonia, smallpox, enlarged liver and spleen, boils, abscesses, and many varieties of itch. The first and last thing one hears going to and coming from Africa is death, until it fills one's imagination like some horrible tragedy. But how different is the reality! Sickness comes, to be sure; but so it does in America or any other part of the world. As soon as the customary habits of precaution have been formed, the mind no longer dwells on death, but on life—abundant, useful, satisfying life. Once entered into with the whole heart, the missionary would not voluntarily exchange it for the most salubrious climate in America, nor his vocation for the most lucrative profession in all the world.

To be sure, he must always wear a helmet, whether becoming to his style of face or not. He must remember to keep out of draughts if perspiring freely, and often change his clothing. He must be wary of the

A stalwart messenger who was sent a long distance to Bolenge to ask for teachers and preachers. He represented a fierce cannibal tribe. His people had heard the message from a native evangelist. He said, "We will tell God on you at the judgment day if you do not send us teachers."

languor and painful weariness creeping over him, and hunt his quinine, or take a day in bed, if necessary, to avoid fever. He must never work to the limit of his strength, but conserve his strength in every way possible. He must learn to be phlegmatic, and not let the multitude of little things irritate him, though he is somewhat of a saint if he acquires this desirable quality. He must be content to give up and go home every few years to renew his blood and restore his nervous system for another term of service. After a time these careful precautions are worn as unconsciously as a well-fitting garment, and life moves on as smoothly as at home. One of the chief necessities for health in the Congo is suitable food, which can not be procured in the country. Consequently food supplies are ordered from England and America all hermetically sealed in tin. Instead of the flour bin, sugar sack, and butter crock, we have tinned flour, tinned sugar, and tinned butter. Everything is "tinned," instead of "canned," in England. To escape entire dependence on these tinned provisions, European vegetables are grown. The dampness of the climate precludes saving any seed, however. This necessitates the constant ordering of fresh, specially dried seeds, which have a special price also. No vegetable which requires much time to mature thrives, for it rots before it ripens, but the early spring vegetables grow to perfection. As many kinds of fruits as possible have been introduced. European fowls are grown as well. Goats and straight-haired sheep provide milk and fresh meat. Some of the native foodstuffs are also utilized.

In the early days there were weeks when the cup-

boards were bare of even tinned provisions, and ground corn formed the essential diet, sometimes being flavored with palm oil or hippopotamus fat. Food had been ordered, but in the meantime the larder had become empty and the garden was overgrown with weeds because of the lack of seeds. This condition was not conducive to health and strength, and one of our less robust number was laid low. The arrival of the mission steamer brought assistance, and the extremity was tided over. This has never happened since, and never will again, for that one experience brought wisdom to last through the years.

One of the greatest shadows under which the missionary works is the appalling degradation of heathenism which opposes him on every side. One may even become calloused and hardened to it, but there is a danger of his own fine sensibilities being dulled thereby. By day and by night it encompasses him, and he longs to hide from it. But there is no spot so secluded as to keep out the sounds of heathenism, even when no longer seen. If ill and nervous, it becomes a horrible nightmare to him. The only remedy lies in keeping busy, every energy bent on the relief and redemption of the people.

Because of this the missionary tries to make his little home a haven of cheer and comfort, that within its walls the sights outside may be for a time forgotten. Therefore libraries are taken to serve as pleasant companions, and beloved faces greet him from the walls. Easy chairs and inviting seats woo him to a sense of peace and rest. Then the infinite blessing of sleep descends, and all the world is shut out. He

awakes refreshed and reinvigorated, and able to go on and on wondering at his previous depression. What a blessing is home, sweet home! And thrice blessed is that home in the midst of such adverse surroundings. The nobleman's palace could not be compared with it; and when away, the heart continually longs to return to it.

In health there is little time for loneliness, but in times of sickness the missionary often longs for his friends. The greatest trial of all is to receive no mail, no news from those dear ones left behind. With what anticipation the mail steamer is looked for! and with what mingled feelings of joy and fear are the letters assorted! Those letters from the homeland are our encouragement and inspiration, and if there be none—what uncertainty! And three more weeks to wait for another mail! If one lacks, however, all the others share their news with him, and thus come to be like one family bound by close ties of relationship.

Many little diversions are planned to break the monotony of every day and to shake off the serious, solemn moods which all too quickly settle down upon us. Every holiday is celebrated—the Glorious Fourth, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and all the rest. The weather is ideal for the Fourth, and it is celebrated in various ways: by games and sports for the natives, or by an enchanting island picnic for ourselves and orphans. At this time all the dainties and indigestibles are eaten, care is thrown to the winds, and we are young again. How refreshing is such a day, even though myriads of insects rebel at your intrusion and the sun beats down uncomfortably!

On Christmas, too, though the weather be a trifle too warm for snow, old Santa comes on an elephant, and stockings—good, big ones—are hung on a bamboo rack. Years have rolled off, and sleep is wakeful. Then, before daybreak, before any are awake to witness the surprising childishness of the white teachers, the stockings are opened, and shouts of laughter echo through the house. This is the best holiday of all.

Birthdays come in for their regular observance, and each missionary must in turn make his own cake. This is sometimes the first introduction to the culinary department, but none are excused. Flour may be liberally distributed on face and floor, but no such cake was ever known to be a failure. The tasks laid down are taken up again and better done because of the little rest and recreation. Henry Van Dyke's Uncle Peter in "Days Off," says: "Every man owes it to himself to have some days off in his life, when he escapes from bondage, gets away from routine, and does something which seems to have no purpose in the world, just because he wants to do it. There is a benefit as well as a joy in finding out that you can lay down your task for a proper while without being disloyal to your duty."

Another break in the regular routine is the arrival of a steamer, always bringing some visitors. These may be all missionaries; and if so, either new ones on their way to their new life work, or older ones returning home on furlough. There are two societies which have stations on the Congo itself and on some of its tributaries above Bolenge. One is the Baptist Missionary Society (B. M. S.) of England, which was organized

the same year as the old Livingstone Inland Mission, and has been working in Congo ever since; the other is the Congo Balolo Mission, which was organized by Dr. H. Grattan Guinness when the American Baptist Missionary Union failed to carry out his ideal for reaching the regions beyond. Both these are doing a great work, and their workers are welcome visitors at Bolenge. There is a singular unity prevailing among the societies on the Congo, and this has been a great help to the infant churches. Bolenge and the people there are dear to many of these other missionaries, for here some of them have been married, some have been restored to health, and here others have laid them down to sleep and are resting beneath the shelter of Bolenge palms. Joy and sorrow form ties never to be broken.

George Grenfell, for thirty years a missionary under the Baptist Missionary Society, next to Stanley and Livingstone the most important explorer and geographer of Africa, on whose drawings all the present standard maps of the Congo are based, always enjoyed his little visits at Bolenge. He was a pioneer, and out of his experiences all received advice and encouragement. He died July, 1906, attended only by his faithful followers. Rev. W. Holman Bentley passed away that same year, these two being the oldest workers then on the field. Time and space fail us to mention all those workers who have helped and comforted and advised us during the years as they have made occasional visits at Bolenge.

Besides those whose home, like ours, is in the Congo there have been from time to time consuls, vice-consuls,

travelers, reporters, and members of commissions who have spent a day or a few days with us. These have, without exception, had a good word for the work. Mr. Giles, with his secretary, Sarvis, passed that way; Mrs. French Sheldon, the only woman who has ever tramped through Congo alone and unattended, stopped at Bolenge several times. Our views did not coincide with hers on all questions, but her visits were unique and refreshing, and afforded a subject for conversation. Barren Wahis, the Commissaire General of the Congo, at one time English Vice-Consul Armstrong, and also Consul Casement, partook of Bolenge's hospitality. Various commissions for investigations of Congo atrocities, and also others for research on sleeping-sickness, called in passing, and the doctors of the latter commission returned again to investigate the cases at the Mission and in the surrounding villages. Professor Starr, of the University of Chicago, stayed ten days with us, and has often spoken in private and in public of his high appreciation of the Bolenge work, as, in his estimation, surpassing that of any other station visited by him. United States Consul Smith, in a private letter written soon after his visit there, considered the educational features to be that which recommended it most to him, and of this he could not speak too highly. Edgar Wallace, war correspondent of the *Daily Mail,* visited all the up-river stations and said, "No battle have I witnessed, no prowess of arms, no exhibition of splendid courage in the face of overwhelming odds has inspired me as the work of these outposts of Christianity."

The occasional visits of these and many others have broken in on the regular systematic duties of day after day, and have brought a gleam of the outside world with its ambitions and strifes. After their departure we have settled down again, not dissatisfied with our lot, but content to stay midst sunshine and showers under the equator.

CHAPTER XX

Onward, Forward

Much has already been said in these pages of the manner in which the Bosira was opened to the gospel, and the conflicts and persecutions through which the evangelists passed. In April, 1907, a trip was made by Dr. Dye and Mr. Hensey, when the full consent of the chiefs and elders of the village of Longa was obtained to plant a station in their midst. They helped choose the site, and it was surveyed and a chart made of it. There were already five Christians at Longa as a result of the evangelists' preaching, and upon this visit nine more were baptized—the first to be baptized in the waters of the Bosira River. This beautiful ceremony of baptism broke down much prejudice. This prejudice was caused by the false statements of Catholics, who had told people that we kept the candidates under the water for hours, and that many had died during the ceremony. No argument was needed after the ceremony was witnessed.

On their return to Bolenge a visit was made to the Commissaire of Equator District to present the matter of the new station. He seemed quite willing to do all he could, and suggested the insertion of a clause stating that it was the policy of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society to send a doctor to every station. This petition, with a plat of the grounds, was sent by him

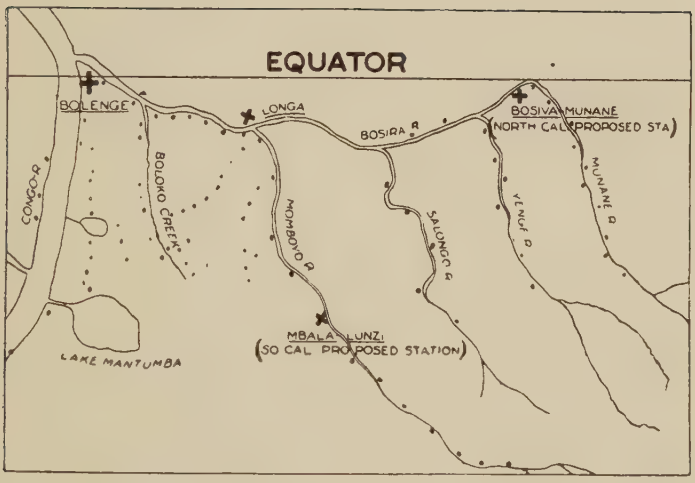
to Boma to the Governor-General. He also approved of it and forwarded it to the Secretary of State at Brussels. Dr. Dye, on his way home in August of the same year, made a trip to Brussels from England and conferred with the Belgian officials concerning the granting of the land. They promised to do what they could, but no definite answer was made to the proposal. Some months passed, and finally in December of that year a letter was sent to Dr. Dye offering Longa on a twenty-year lease. This was accepted and a cablegram was dispatched to Congo to proceed to Longa. The last months of 1908 saw Mr. Eldred, accompanied by the new medical missionary, Dr. L. F. Jaggard, leave Bolenge to open the new station one hundred miles away. They lived in a temporary store house until a dwelling house could be built. They had no stove, so they cooked on an open fire and baked in an empty oil drum. They were happy to thus begin the work of the Master in that needy place. A church of fifty members was soon organized, and more have been added since, making the membership nearly one hundred already. This was our first great forward step in Africa.

We are now ready to plant the blood-stained banner of the cross a third time as soon as a location can be found. The situation at Bonyeka—or Monieka, as it is often called—one hundred and fifty miles beyond Longa, is strategic, as is also that of Mbala, two hundred miles up the Momboyo branch of the Bosira. The chief of Monieka and all the elders of the people are anxious for us to settle there, and steps have been taken to secure a site. This is at present indefinite, but hopes are entertained of its near accomplishment.

This is the key to the most populous region yet visited, where the population of the villages is thousands instead of hundreds.

Last January the first trip was made there by the missionaries, who found seven hundred people intensely in earnest about the words of God. Iso Timothy had then been in charge of that work some time. A little later Mr. and Mrs. Hensey made a second trip, and his description of it in the *Missionary Intelligencer* of April, 1909, is inspiring. He says: "The work at Monieka is beyond description. Our entrance was a triumphal march, and we were soon surrounded by hundreds of welcoming natives, the greater part of whom had never seen a white woman. Some who came after we had gone into the house set apart for our use, fought for a peep into the doors and windows, and it seemed for a time that they would break down the flimsy walls.

"Then they sounded the great wooden drum, and the people assembled to hear God's message. Picture if you can a great spreading-branched palaver tree, and you can see the auditorium nature had provided for us. Within the ample shade of this African temple sat a great circle of red-painted natives. In the center of one side sat the chiefs and old men, each in his own chair of state, with a curious broad-bladed knife in his right hand; to their left sat the young warriors, uneasy with the spirit of those who are more used to the battle-ground than the temple, and beyond them the boys, as fidgety as the boys of any land. To the right the women and girls were huddled in a shapeless mass, as full of giggles and gossip as might be expected.



The territory for which the missionaries of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society are responsible. The stars indicate stations and proposed stations; the dots, points where the native evangelists preach.

The other side of the circle was made up of those who are more earnestly seeking for the light. These sang with much zest if little tune, 'There 's Not a Friend Like the Lowly Jesus,' and then came the message.

"In this concourse sat more than eight hundred people; it was the moment of a lifetime, and so knew our Bolenge evangelists. I wish some who doubt the wisdom of missions could have seen one of these, Iyokansombo, as I first saw him—the longest, lankiest, awkwardest boy who ever struck a mission station—and then could have seen him as he stood at the supreme moment. As if conscious of the hour and the dignity of the message, he seemed to stand a little straighter and taller, and as he 'reasoned of righteousness and self-control, and the judgment to come,' and pressed home the claims of Jesus Christ as the Savior and King of men, the whispering and the fidgeting died away, and in tense eagerness they leaned forward to catch every word.

"The service over, the elders remained. Then rose Lonjataka, the hereditary chief, who in his town is as autocratic as the Czar, ponderous in the dignity befitting a man who has two hundred and ten wives and forty houses in which they live. Thus said he: 'White man, the words of God which you have spoken to us feel very good in our stomachs. If our young people agree to them it will be good for Monieka. At Bolenge there are other missionaries. Why do n't you and mamma stay here with us? We will build you a home, and you shall teach us of your new "witch-doctor," whom you call Jesus, and perhaps even we old men will agree to him.'

"We explained to them the present impossibility of a mission station there, but they agreed to build at once a large house in which to worship God. I do not think I ever stood in the presence of a great opportunity so tinged with sadness. Here is this great population—twenty times as great as that of Bolenge; their hearts are open; neither the vices of civilization nor sleeping sickness have reached that far. If we could but strike while the iron is hot! But to secure a mission site there means a wait of probably two years, and Monieka is two hundred and fifty miles from Bolenge, making frequent itineration impossible. O for a steamer, be it ever so small! You would not believe me if I should tell you the number of people that could be reached by the gospel by the means of a suitable steamer.

"We are so few that the vastness of our fields casts always a shadow over us—the darkness which comes over the heart as we see all these people without the changing power of the One who is the fairest among ten thousand. As you pray, will you remember to pray 'for us also, that God may open unto us a door for the Word,' that these two millions of people may be saved both for the life that now is and for the life yet to be?"

In a recent letter from Mrs. Jaggard, she tells of a recent trip to Lotumbe or Mbala on the Momboyo. She says: "I had the pleasure of making this trip. The people up the Momboyo have never seen a white woman. They have asked the missionary, 'Where did you come from? Have you no mother? We have never seen a white woman.' About one day up from

Longa we stopped at a village and the people said, 'Let her get out of the canoe and walk,' while others said. 'Come shake hands with a spirit.' We were two and a half days on the journey, reaching Lotumbe Friday evening. We stayed there until Monday, two being baptized on Sunday. Tuesday morning Dr. Jaggard and I started overland to visit some of the inland villages four or five miles farther. Here the people so earnestly desired teaching that two teachers were left there. I certainly enjoyed the trip very much, although it is very hard and tiresome to ride in a native canoe. O, we do long for the steamer!"

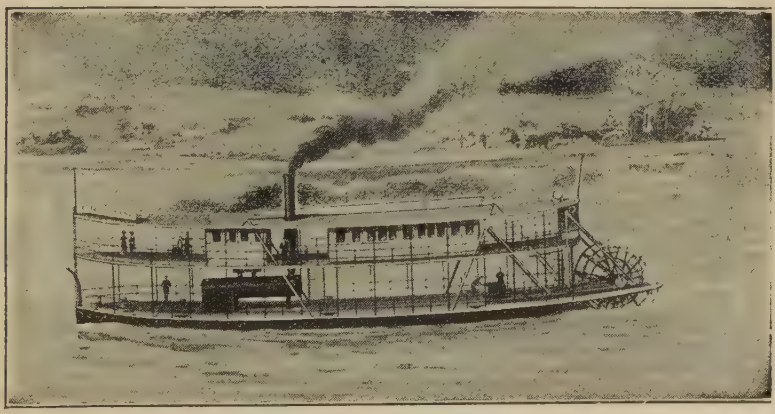
Evangelist Efoloko, the "bishop of Mbala," is located here. He is one of the strongest characters we have ever met in Congo. He was a personal servant for us, doing our washing and ironing ever since our first year in Congo. He was ever an energetic, tireless, willing worker, and after his own work was done, ever seeking for some other useful employment for his time. He was not a boy, though he had the spirit and enthusiasm of a boy, but was a man grown even at that time. He was devoted to us and especially to the baby, but he had no desire for Christianity. We knew that when that energy was once consecrated to the service of God, there would be few like him. It was long years in coming. Finally it was a dream which turned the entire current of his life and brought him to the feet of the Master, an empty vessel ready to be filled and fitted for His use. After the day or week he was never too tired to go many miles to preach to his people, and how they listened to him! He wanted to go as an evangelist, and we wanted him to go, but

long days and months of sickness followed and he would not leave. He is as true to every missionary as to us. He accompanied us as far as Matadi on the way home, enjoying his first ride on a railway and his first sight of the ocean steamer. He returned to take up the work he so longed to do, and all rejoice in his great success. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

For a mission steamer to reach these farthest outposts and to penetrate the curtain which still hangs beyond, the cry has been loud and long. At the very time letters were on the way from Congo begging for one, the consecrated band of people at the Oregon State Convention, in the summer of 1908, made that heroic pledge of $15,000 to build the needed steamer. Thus before the call had reached America, the answer had been made according to promise. These pledges were made in earnest, but it has been no easy task to reach every church and inspire them to do their share. Much is due to Geo. C. Ritchey, evangelist and busy pastor at Newberg, Oregon, who has stood behind the enterprise loyally, and with great self-sacrifice has kept up the interest and gathered in the funds. This loyal little band of disciples in Oregon are setting a worthy example for the other States. California has followed by pledging to open one or perhaps two new stations up the Bosira. The steamer is at the time of this writing an assured fact, and the contract has been let. It is singularly fitting that it be built in this our Centennial City of Pittsburg, where all who go up to this great convocation may see it. The dedication of this steamer will be a worthy celebration of the first

The first chapel at Bolenge.

Sleeping sickness patients at the Isolation Camp.



The "Oregon," the new mission steamer for the Congo.

decade of the work in Africa. But this is not the only anniversary memorial, for the Bible College, a training school for evangelists, at Bolenge, is now an assured fact. These will be two of the great undertakings of this memorable year. From some articles by Mr. Hensey on the need of this college, notice this: "It may be that it will be a hundred years before the churches, born only yesterday out of the grossest heathenism, are ready for self-government. So be it—the longer the time it is going to take to bring to pass independent churches of Christ in Africa, the more imperative the need to establish this college at once. Every vestige of civilization these interior peoples have, must be taken to them by the Bolenge and Longa evangelists. The Government will do nothing. Not only will there be no imperial universities, but there will be no large number of State schools. The sole hope of Congoland is in the gospel of Jesus Christ, which is ever the gospel of civilization. A Bible College at Bolenge will make possible the proclamation of this gospel in every village and every hamlet."

Each of these enterprises will cost more than the sums pledged, and every loyal Disciple of Christ who reads these pages is asked to have a share in making these great projects possible. This will duplicate one's life and perpetuate one's memory in a most noble way.

This is but the beginning, for soon the steamer will make possible the opening of many new stations and necessitate the sending of many new missionaries.

O, let us be ready to press onward and forward, and thus hasten the coming of the Son of man!

CHAPTER XXI

Why We Love Them

This question, "Why do you love them?" is often asked; perhaps more often than any other. It may arise in the minds of many who may read this book, so in anticipation it will be answered here. We, who take the Bible for our only rule of faith and practice, will find the answer there. Christ, that Son sent of God because of His love for the world, says, "This is My commandment that ye love one another, even as I have loved you." Therefore, the first answer would be, "We love them because the love of God and His Son Jesus Christ constraineth us to love the ungodly and sinner, and because Christ has given us the commandment. Without this prerequisite of love for the people, no missionary should ever go to the field. The first sight of the heathen is not conducive to love; but pity is akin to love." The heart of the God-sent teacher goes out to the heathen with an intense yearning; he knows that they may become transformed by the love of God. He sees in the ugly, bloody cannibal a true, valiant soldier of the cross; in the idle, dissolute youth the zealous, consecrated standard-bearer, marching throughout the land carrying life and redemption to his people. His wife sees in the most hopelessly degraded woman the ideal wife and mother,

in whom the heart of a husband may safely trust; in the babe, besmirched with oil and camwood, the clean, shining face of a winsome child, drawing all hearts by its innocent purity. They see all this and more; they love them until their dreams are more than fulfilled. Then they love them not for what they may become, but for what they are. Pity has changed to admiration. Day by day this admiration increases as the people, so shortly before in deepest degradation, heroically give up all for Christ. Poverty and persecution are accepted joyfully for the gospel's sake. These young converts merit admiration and respect because of their devotion and noble development. Little by little admiration is strengthened into a strong attachment. This is the stepping-stone to a real affection which they return. They have come to appreciate the true meaning and purpose of their white teacher's life among them. They understand how the missionary has surrendered home ties to come to them. Their hearts go out to these leaders sent to them by God, and they love them unselfishly and devotedly.

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound.
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies.
And we mount to its summit round by round."

This is true of the missionary's love for the heathen. It is by these ofttimes slow steps that undying friendships are formed between the missionary and his people. It is doubtless difficult for others to realize the possibility of such love when hearing the statement made for the first time. Only those who have expe-

rienced it can fully appreciate it. Some instances, however, may help to make plain the reason for this deep personal affection.

During many months the orphanage girls were without any woman to superintend them. They then proved their sterling worth by keeping in good behavior and doing their tasks faithfully. One of these girls, Inkondo, became a nurse maid. She practically lived in the invalid's room for months, sleeping in the dining-room at night. Her services were in constant demand, but never by look, action, or word did she intimate her weariness or desire to be freed from the task. Though a young girl, she assumed charge of the younger girls in the orphanage. When a few moment's opportunity afforded, she taught them to cut and sew. She became like a matron to the girl's school, a position she still holds. She had in earlier days been the most unpromising of all the girls. We now love her as a daughter, and long for her sweet companionship when away from her.

At one time the writer seemed sufficiently recovered for Dr. Dye to safely leave her to the care of his medical colleague, Dr. Widdowson, for an evangelistic journey up river. A few days after his departure, however, a serious relapse occurred. It was in the dead of night. A messenger was dispatched to the native village for volunteers to go for the absent husband. The whole village volunteered and a crew of the strongest paddlers was chosen. Hurriedly they embarked in the little log canoe and set out on their long journey up river. On and on they paddled, stopping for nothing. Through storm and merciless sunshine they went,

scarcely stopping for food. For two days and nights they paddled, reaching the place where they expected to find the itinerating party. But Dr. Dye was not there; he had promised, however, to return that night, so these messengers impatiently awaited his coming. At sundown the tunk-tunk-tunk of the native canoe drum was heard, and the party came into the beach. Fear seized them as they saw the line of messengers from home. A note was handed the Doctor; their fears were confirmed. Every moment was priceless, and these noble paddlers offered to return at once, that the husband might not get home too late. They chose a small, swift canoe in which he could scarcely sit, and a few of the strongest paddlers started at midnight to paddle home. The smaller canoe could make better time. The down river current increased their speed. The full force of their strong muscles was put into every stroke of the paddle. No unnecessary words were spoken, for they were making a race with death. At four o'clock in the afternoon of that same day they quietly swung into the beach at Bolenge. Their coming had been noted, though the drum was now silent, and as they sank exhausted on the ground they thanked God they had not been too late. Do we love them? After such proofs of affection and devotion to us, the very rocks would cry out against us did we not return their love. Were it necessary they would willingly lay down their lives for us, and we would as willingly lay down our lives for them and the gospel.

CHAPTER XXII

Congo Animals, Birds, and Insects

Even the present-day books on Africa have illustrations representing an ideal scene with palms, huge trees, and a river; all the trees are filled with birds of every kind; elephants, hippopotami, and zebras are scattered here and there. A canoe load of natives hunting all this game is also usually a part of this picture. It is needless to say that such an ideal scene has probably never been known. Although Central Africa teems with animal and bird life, yet in journeys by water or overland few of these beasts and birds of the forest are seen save as they are hunted.

The forest inhabitants, however, are many, the larger animals being the elephant, the buffalo, and numerous kinds of antelope. Then there are the monkey, the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the baboon, the wild boar, hedgehog, the leopard, the striped hyena, the wild cat, and other feline animals. Besides these there are a multitude of little animals uncommon and interesting. Lizards, iguana, and chameleons are frequently seen. The little house lizards are quite at home with us, under our pillows and in our clothing. These are harmless, however, and welcome destroyers of vermin. Reptiles abound, but they avoid the habitation of man. Pythons occasionally carry off fowls, and

when shot afford fifteen to eighteen feet of fine round-steak for the natives. Many smaller poisonous reptiles inhabit trees and underbrush, but are seldom troublesome in the cleared spaces of habitation. Frogs and toads and bats, both the common house bat and the horse-headed bat, are in this region of Congo; while the scale armadillo inhabits both the ground and the treetop. The latter is held in superstitious awe by the natives, for a stroke of lightning is always attributed to a spirit in the form of this animal, which is supposed to disappear in the ground instantly.

Birds of many kinds inhabit these forests, but not many of brilliant plumage. Parrots abound and pass over in large flocks to and from their feeding grounds. Vultures, heron, fishing eagles, and large birds frequent the rivers, and wild ducks are numerous. Guinea fowls are wild, but have been domesticated by some. Hosts of weaver birds destroy the beauty of the palms, stripping them to build their nests. Perhaps the most beautiful of all the birds is the snowy aigrette with its plumy feathers, so valuable in this country.

The hippopotamus and the crocodile are monarchs of the rivers, and these are always in evidence, though they disappear quickly at the least sound. Myriads of fish of many kinds and many sizes fill the rivers and afford a fine addition to our diet.

This is a hasty and incomplete survey of these denizens of the forest, but we are more familiar with the insect tribes, which are our nearer neighbors, and of whose close proximity we are painfully aware. The one deserving first mention, because of its attracting first attention, is the mosquito. This has become such

a menace to life that its original vocation of purifying water of decaying matter is lost sight of. If, as they are supposed to do, they purify the water and thus the atmosphere, Congo should be remarkably healthful, for surely every species known is there and in superabundance. These range from the giant magarinus to the tiniest one, which resembles a gnat in size, but gives evidence of its presence in a multitude of ways, defying all attempted means of protection against it. In certain seasons the natives are driven out of their houses by the mosquitoes, and sleep on top of scaffoldings built over a smoldering fire. Even inside the mosquito canopy the European is not safe, for the finest mesh is not always proof against the entrance of these tiny pests, and night often becomes a horror.

Cockroaches are almost as numerous as the mosquito and of many varieties. They feast in secret upon our food, our clothing, our books, our shoes, and even become cannibalistic and feast on us. They owe their safety and increase to their nocturnal and light-hating habits. A constant war must be carried on against them in the house. They attain formidable size, the winged male often being two or three inches long. These insects frequently waken the newcomer, who thinks some one is knocking outside, and often calls to find what is wanted. There is no response save the continued rap, which is explained to him later as due to the roaches. There are some people who seem to be savory to them, and in the dead of night they come and nibble at the fingers or face, awaking the victim with their attacks. It becomes necessary to thoroughly rid the bedstead of them every day and administer

doses of poison to kill them. Even these pests are somewhat welcome when they are found to keep the house free from bedbugs. The weevil destroys the corn and infests the flour, tins often being full of them when supposed to be hermetically sealed. They defy all attempts at their destruction.

The earwig is here as everywhere a dreaded insect, though the popular superstition that they creep into the ears has not been verified. They creep into little crevices and holes in the native headrests, and then, when the head or neck is resting on them, bite the unsuspecting sleeper. We can settle any doubts concerning these from personal experience.

By far the greatest insect plague to be endured is that of ants. These are of all sizes, colors, and varieties of habitat. Several species are quite domesticated, and seem to have found here ample scope for their industrious disposition. They quickly dispose of any food left within their reach, and where can they not reach? Table legs are set in tins of water, but they form ingenious bridges and cross over. Wire screen cupboards are suspended from the roof by wires, which they descend like a toboggan slide until cups of kerosene are fastened to the wires, over which they refuse to pass. But oil evaporates and they are ever on the watch. One almost despairs of their riddance when the soup and coffee swim with them, but if a few remain they are insignificant anyway and have been sterilized. Another band delights to locate in some box or drawer of choice ribbons, or in a box of rare specimens and there deposit their eggs. These do no harm except to stain everything on which they deposit, and make

themselves a public and private nuisance. Still another tribe lives in the roof, climbs up and down the rafters, and eats holes in all curtains and available draperies. These leave a peculiar odor, and are tenacious of life. Of the other varieties which live as parasites about the house nothing need be said. The peculiar manner in which the leaves of the mango and orange trees are often clustered together attracts one's attention, and on closer investigation they are discovered to enclose an army of small black ants. One will not care to make the investigation very minute, for suddenly he feels a sting like the prick of a red-hot needle, and on looking finds he has ventured too near the trunk of the tree, which is alive with these tiny warriors. It is amusing to see some native walk slowly up the path, stick his spear in the ground, and seat himself with his back to the tree to wait for the white man to buy his fowls. Suddenly with a shriek he jumps up in a most undignified manner, and, grabbing at his back, wildly looks around to see what has disturbed him thus. The boys who climb these ant-infested trees are brave, indeed. One of the most terrible species of ants known in the Congo is the driver ant, though known by others as the foraging or ranger ant. This is also the most interesting and remarkable of all. These are organized in an army with commander, guides, and scouts, who are larger than the common soldier and walk beside them to keep the column in perfect order, or to send a detachment out on a foraging expedition. The army is several inches to a foot wide, and sometimes miles long. They always travel by night or on a cloudy day, as they can not

endure the sun. If forced to move in the sun they dig a trench underground. Their sole purpose seems to be to destroy other insects, and no animal of the jungle can withstand them. The elephant and python flee before their approach, for in an instant the whole army covers the victim and by their venomous sting quickly destroys him. They ford streams by making pontoon bridges of their own bodies, over which the army marches. When a colony of these establishes itself near the house an effort is made to destroy it immediately, which can usually be done with plenty of boiling water poured into their cleverly disguised habitation in the ground. Bolenge is noted for their many depredations, so much so that when the pioneer workers landed they were warned to keep their shoes, stockings, and dressing gowns always beside them to make escape expeditious.

One of the number had a painful experience with these ferocious pests. He had been sleeping soundly when a sound as of rain wakened him. He wondered what it could be, but dropped to sleep again, to be wakened this time by severe bites on different parts of his body. He jumped out of bed, suffering more at every step, lighted a candle, and found the whole room, floor, walls, and furniture black with these ants. He swept them off a chair and climbed upon it. He remained in this uncomfortable position for an hour or two, keeping them with difficulty from the chair, when they took their departure.

Even when the head and body of these ants are torn apart, each is tenacious of life and lives for one or two days, the head burying its formidable mandibles

in whatever approaches it. These must be pulled out with great care. They will remain firmly imbedded in the flesh, though it may be through several thicknesses of clothing. They carry away heavy loads, the whole column lifting it up and carrying it off. If too large, it is first torn into desirable sections.

One night the sheep began to bleat most pitifully, and when this continued for some time, becoming more distressing every moment, a lantern was lighted, and by this time some natives had been aroused by their cries. The door of the sheep cote was opened and the reason quickly seen. The whole whitewashed interior was literally black with drivers and the poor sheep were nearly mad. Each one had to be caught and the most of the ferocious insects removed before letting it go, or else all the sheep would soon have been dead. There was a similar experience when one night they entered the fowl house, the inhabitants flying about wildly in an endeavor to escape them. Every fowl would have been destroyed before morning had it not been released.

At one time an army of these ants entered one of the bungalows every night at midnight for several successive nights. Each night the missionaries residing there had to make a hasty escape to the opposite side of the station, where the door of another home was left on the latch and a bed ready for them. The offer of a leather belt to the lad discovering their nest caused a mad rush for the surrounding bush, and the habitation was soon found and destroyed. For some time after this we were free from these visits, when one cloudy day before we were aware, they had entered unan-

nounced and taken possession of our house. We decided to go for a visit with our fellow missionaries and stay for dinner, which just suited their plan also. By the middle of the afternoon they had departed, having rid the house of every roach, spider, and insect in it. Often after that they attempted to come, but whenever they were seen approaching, fire was put in their path, which made them reconnoitre and change their plan.

A couple of years ago, just before the writer returned home, a colony of these ants was seen climbing the pillars of the new house where we were then sleeping. Inkondo was set to watch them, and to seize our bedding and sleeping garments if they entered the room. They soon made their way in, and we decamped. At supper, where all the missionaries ate together, it was decided to have a little farewell midnight lunch. The mosquito curtains were hung up in the large living room of Mr. and Mrs. Hensey's house and all was in readiness. A small room off from this was used as a dark-room, and Dr. Dye went in to develop some pictures. On coming out he was picking at ants on his ankles, and thought he must have stepped on one of their columns somewhere in the path. A light, however, discovered their presence in the dark-room in large numbers. The party was broken up, the nets untied, and bedding hurriedly bundled up. Mr. and Mrs. Hensey decided to sleep in the hospital, so the girls went across to make the bed ready. Screams were heard amid shouts of laughter, for the drivers had taken possession of that too. It was about midnight already, so Mr. and Mrs. Hensey accompanied Mr.

Eldred home across to the other side of the station, while Dr. Widdowson and ourselves ventured to return to the new house, which the ants were leaving by this time. It was a lark, indeed, not the kind planned for, but doubtless more memorable.

Of great interest also is the termite or so-called white ant. The name is a misnomer, for it does not belong to that family at all nor bear any resemblance to them. The white ants feed upon decaying vegetable matter, thus securing to the tropical forests its never-ceasing verdure. They permeate every twig, branch, and giant tree which is broken off or felled in the forest and reduce it to a powder, thus keeping the forest cleared and fertilizing the soil. All but the king and queen are blind, and all avoid the light. The white ant is a small insect with a bloated, creamy-colored body, most repulsive to look upon, and quickly detected by a peculiar odor not like that of any other insect.

To carry on their work and still avoid the light of day they make an outside tunnel, each worker bringing a tiny bit of clay which is covered with a gluey substance to add to this wonderful work of masonry. This tiny tunnel is made as fast as they travel, and it is surprising how fast they can go and how much damage they can do in a single night. They burrow through the pillars on which the houses are raised, and if these be not of ironwood the house will begin to settle in places. An investigation will prove the pillars to be but hollow shells, waiting for a touch to reduce them to powder. If the pillars be of ironwood they will follow it to the top beneath their clay tunnels and

build a small hill on the top in which to live while working up through the floor into the house above. Doors and windows will be entered and soon the glass will rattle and seem to be loose, but examination will show the frame to be hollow and ready to fall. One of the houses at Bolenge had long been empty when the station was taken over, and several doors were seemingly perfect to look at, but really only a shell. One of these doors still stands, though much disfigured.

At one time a wooden box containing a few choice pieces of dress material was entered, and in passing through the ants had eaten every piece completely in two, to the sorrow of the owner. These had been carefully saved to make warm clothing for the white missionary baby's voyage back to America. At another time the writer was wearing her last pair of shoes, which were needing half soles badly, when a box from home came containing some new ones. These were put away for a few days in the bath-room, and on going to get them out again to wear they were found to be completely filled with the clay nests of white ants. The lining and insoles were all eaten away and the shoes completely ruined. It was six months before another pair could be procured from home. A medical library was being moved from one house to another, and the valuable volumes were laid on the floor over night. When morning came and the work of arranging them began, half of them were found to have been indexed by the white ants during the night. In passing over them they had eaten chunks out of the sides and ends, leaving them looking much as though a crude attempt had been made at an alphabetical index arrangement on the

edges. These and many similar tricks have they played upon us. Now a scheme has been devised of capping each ironwood pillar with tin, through which they can not eat, and their depredations have ceased.

In the forests these tiny creatures build huge mounds, bringing every bit of clay from beneath the surface as they build. In the very center is a secluded room where the queen and king consort reside, both of whom have eyes. Eventually the queen is enclosed by a clay wall, and never leaves her chamber again, but spends her whole lifetime of two years in laying eggs, during certain periods at the rate of forty or fifty a minute, some fifty millions being laid before her death. Workers are standing ready who carry these eggs to various secluded parts of the great incubator, where they are left to hatch. These workers also feed the queen.

These clay built citadels are not friable, but hard as cement, and in many instances resemble good-sized hills on which summer houses have been built. A traveler often climbs to the top of one to view the surrounding country. The material of these ant hills is most valuable in making bricks, and is utilized wherever possible. Around Bolenge and in the marshy section these hills are small compared with those on higher land, but they are more numerous. These seem to do for the tropical soil what the earthworm does for the temperate in renewing and fertilizing, and are certainly one of the great agencies for preserving beauteous nature by removing decaying timbers.

A word should be said of the ambulatoria or walking insects, called sometimes the devil's walking stick.

These are held in superstitious awe by the natives, who call them gods. Like the mantis family they all raise their forelegs as in adoration, which the world over has given rise to their being looked upon with superstition. When a native child meets one of these he falls down in front of it, and, imitating its movements, says, "Fafa ngone, ngoya ngone, nkoko ngone, we ngone;" which is, "Papa this way (bringing his hands together in front of his face), mamma this way, grandfather this way, you this way." These ambulatoria grow to a large size, one specimen which we brought home being ten inches long. The whole insect looks like a dead twig, and only when its beautiful wings are unfolded could the difference be detected, so great is the provision of tropical nature for the protection of its inhabitants. Its wings are folded like a fan upon its back and completely hidden.

Spiders here must outdo the rest of the world in size, curious shapes, beautiful markings, and deadliness. Scorpions, centipedes, chiggers, and other deadly and annoying insects deserve mention, as do some of the gorgeously beautiful butterflies and moths, but space forbids, and entomologists will be left to tell the rest. There is a field for the scientist in equatorial Congo such as the world at large has never dreamed of. There are hosts of insects unseen and unknown save to the natives which will excite the wonder and admiration of the approaching scientist.

CHAPTER XXIII

Native Home Life and Crafts

We have seen how strong, earnest, capable Christian men and women have been developed out of the most degraded of people. But to appreciate fully this change, more of their real home life must be known.

Their houses are long, low huts. A foundation or floor is made first by placing logs about the spot where they desire to build, and filling this enclosure with mud, which is then packed hard by the whole village tramping it with their feet. The mud is taken from some spot near the proposed site, and the hole thus made is left to fill with water and débris—an admirable place for mosquito larvæ, and emitting a most obnoxious odor. The foundation laid, the next step is to procure poles for the superstructure. Two larger and taller forked poles are placed, one at each end. In the fork of these the ridge-pole is laid. The house frame consists of a double layer of small poles or split bamboo. Between these dried banana and plantain leaves are packed, serving the purpose of building-paper. The larger and better houses now built by the Christians are filled in with clay, neatly plastered inside and out, and whitewashed with pipe clay.

The roofs of these primitive structures are made of grass or palm leaves, according to the region in

which they are built. To obtain both the poles and the thatch, several canoe trips must be made across the river where the material grows. The men procure these materials whenever they take a notion and when they can persuade several friends to assist. Then the women must plait the bamboo leaves or grass into a kind of mat. These are tied to rattan poles running parallel with the ridge-poles. These overlap each other like shingles, and the whole is covered with a bamboo mat over the ridge, to keep it all in place in time of wind and storm. These houses usually have two doors, one front and one back. These are about two feet high and eighteen inches wide, with a high door-sill. It requires much practice to enter one of these doors gracefully, without precipitating oneself unexpectedly into the open fire or sprawling on the earth floor. The occupants run back and forth through these doors with ease. It looks like a very simple thing to do. It is not so easy. After repeated failures it will be found that the only way is to put one foot over the sill, then quickly bend together like a jack-knife, dart through, and pull the other foot in after you. Care must be taken not to unbend too quickly, or one's indispensable tropical helmet will be crushed by coming too abruptly in contact with the rafters overhead. To stand in these huts one must assume the "straight front, forward poise;" to sit, the conventional squat is desirable. The doors afford the only opportunity for the entrance of light and the exit of smoke, save what may enter or escape between the chinks in roof or wall. There may be a tiny room partitioned off at one end, where any valuables or extra provisions are stored. Another style

of architecture has an open living-room at one end. Here the people visit, eat, and talk their palavers.

A chief or head of a family is supposed to provide a house for each of his wives, but as they accumulate it proves too great an effort, and several must occupy one house. This naturally occasions much quarreling and jealousy. The furnishings of these abodes are very simple. A low bamboo pallet—sometimes two or three —stands against the wall. These are raised a few inches from the ground and are quite comfortable. A grass mat and a wooden pillow constitute the bedding. In one corner of the house a hanging shelf is suspended, upon which the pottery is placed and fish and meat are dried, a fire being kept smoldering beneath it. A stool or two, each carved from a solid piece of wood, may stand near the fire. For the most part, however, they sit on the bed or on bits of firewood when inside the house. A fire is built in the center of the room because of the damp chill of the nights, but most of the food is cooked out of doors. The houses are so tiny that children and grown people are often badly burned by rolling into the fire when asleep.

The native village in our section of Congo is one long street, the houses being built on both sides facing each other. There may be several sections of a village, separated by spaces overgrown with weeds, or a small bog. Originally all the inhabitants of a village were related, and never intermarried. The oldest chief would be the supreme authority, and to him all questions would be referred. Their laws are transmitted orally; the sum of precedents is usually well established and suited to the purpose for which they were

A native hut.

One of the little chapels built by the natives themselves in one of the distant out-stations.

intended, though the purpose might not always be the best. These laws mostly relate to polygamy, with its many complications, though some have reference to vice and crime. A child is taught to steal, but punished severely if caught. It is not necessary even for the offender in a case to be sought out, the family or section of a village to which the guilty party belongs assuming the responsibility and paying the fine exacted. If a woman runs away to some man in another village, the man to whom she has gone is not considered in the attending trouble, but the whole village which has harbored her. Most intertribal wars have this insignificant beginning, and may be carried on indefinitely, many lives being lost on both sides in consequence. The law of succession of property is hereditary, but not from father to son, because of their lax system of polygamy. A man can not be sure of his own legitimate offspring, but claims all children born by his wives and slaves as his. The only certain relationship is that of the mother; hence the inheritance passes, where possible, from brother to brother. In this way a man's sister might receive more inheritance than a daughter, and should there be no younger brother, she would become a chief or head woman. Such cases, however, are rare.

Every custom and law seems indissolubly linked with polygamy. There is no limit to the number of wives a man may have, provided he can find them and produce the means to buy them. A man's prominence and authority in the village and community is estimated by the size of his harem.

The strifes, jealousies, and real degradation which

are an outgrowth of this system can not be written. It might seem that a custom so manifestly evil would be easy to uproot, but such is not the case. The breaking up of this system causes a complete upheaval in their whole life and customs. When one such man or woman decides to become a Christian it is a matter of great moment, requiring the renunciation of all that had before meant life and the severing of every tie binding them to the past.

Under the baneful influence of polygamy there can be little pure, mutual affection. A polygamous husband is truly henpecked, for he must exercise great tact to keep all his wives in good humor and make them think he loves them all equally. When he gets out of humor with them, or they with him, he refuses to eat until they have all clubbed together and brought him a peace-offering. It is convenient when he is in debt to have one of these sulky spells.

It is an amusing spectacle to see the husband of many wives come to buy a mirror, a belt, or a dish, and his manner of deciding to which one he shall give it. He knows it is funny, and laughs the hardest of all while trying to conjure up some new way to avoid showing partiality. Usually, if unaccompanied by any of his wives, he hides it in his shoulder-bag and lets chance decide. When he goes home, the first one who runs to meet him and investigate his purchases will claim whatever she likes best, and he will put on an air of resignation. If, however, one accompanies him, to carry the necessary currency, eggs, chickens, or a duck, she is the one, of course, who proudly wears the new European belt home or who makes her toilet with

the aid of the new mirror. Thus life is made miserable for the unfortunate husband until hens and ducks are sacrificed to procure the rest a belt also. Many such incidents afford rich amusement for the populace, but the sequel is pathetic.

As long as health and strength remain all goes as well as could be expected in a heathen household, but let sickness or disease attack a woman, and then is her life not worth the living.

The heathen women do all the drudgery—cultivate the fields, carry all the burdens, and keep the house. With a short, broad-bladed knife they clear away the brush, plow, cultivate and harvest their gardens, the men only assisting in felling any large trees. Some of the women are also fortunate enough to possess a rude hoe with a handle about a foot and a half long. These take the place of horse and machinery. When the garden is harvested the husband or master demands the proceeds, with which to pay his debts or buy a new wife. Their main crops are plantains, corn, and cassava; though sweet potatoes, peanuts, squashes, and a few other vegetables are grown in small quantities.

A woman goes to her garden early in the morning and comes home with a basketful of cassava roots or corn, or with a huge bundle of firewood strapped on her back. She may often be carrying a child astride her hip as well.

The preparation of their food is a long, tedious process; so they have but one good meal a day, and that at sundown. The wives take turns in serving the husband's food. When ready, the one having pre-

pared it takes it to him, and he calls any male friends or relatives who may be there or passing by to come and eat with him. The wives eat together after the husband has eaten, or go and eat with some other woman across the street. The children eat whatever may be left, though a good mother divides to them a separate portion. A child soon learns to cook for himself or herself, otherwise he does not get enough to eat. The women are usually fine cooks and very neat in their cooking, as each tries to outrival the others in preparing the food for the husband.

The Nkundo people are in their way hospitable, and will share their meager meal with any number. At the same time the sick and aged and sickly children may shift for themselves. The grace of hospitality is developed in our Christians to a wonderful degree. When the hosts of strangers come in to spend a week or two and hear the preaching, the few resident members take them all in and provide for them, with such unsolicited assistance as the missionaries provide. The sick from neighboring and far-distant villages are received into their homes when the little hospital overflows, and gladly cared for.

The women manufacture all the pottery, though this art is confined to certain tribes. In this they are exceedingly clever and can imitate easily any European bottle or jug. They are the basket-makers as well, and in this show good taste and much skill. They weave mats, though the men also do this.

The men are specialists in some crafts and industries. Some of them are expert blacksmiths, and the knives, spears, arrows, and brass ornaments turned

out cause no little surprise. Their workmanship is wonderfully clever, and experts in America have marveled at it, considering the crude instruments with which they work. Their anvil is a block of iron sharpened and driven into the ground. The hammer is another massive piece of shaped iron. Their forge is the open fire, blown by a bellows hewn out of a block of wood. This has two holes in the top, covered with tanned hide, and provided with handles, which are pumped up and down and produce the required draft. Brass is run into hollow reeds to mold it for the spiral bracelets and anklets. Most of the knives and war implements and jewelry are ornamented with carvings, faces decorating their battle-axes.

The woodcarver or hewer stands next to the blacksmith in skill, but he is becoming a rarity. These artisans hew canoes out of trees. They also make paddles, many varieties of stools, and chieftains' seats, head rests, spoons, and handles for all their implements. Such a man is in great demand, and could soon become rich if he chose. However, he does not care to work all the time, ease and leisure being more to his liking.

As the men do the sewing, so also do they do the weaving of raffia cloth. This art, too, is falling into decay as European cloth takes its place. The native is a good reader of men and things, and already exorbitant prices are asked for this native cloth, which could be procured a short while ago for a few brass rods. It will be but a few years before the Congo curios will be as rare as those of the American Indian and far more valuable.

This raffia cloth is woven in a loom and with a shuttle. The weaver puts in many intricate patterns, marked only by bits of bamboo. No patterns are ever drawn or threads counted, yet the designs are very symmetrical, and each has a history.

Besides the weaver of cloth is the maker of shields. These marvelous pieces of weaving show great artistic talent, intricate geometrical patterns being woven in with strands of dyed rattan. The whole is securely bound together, and is so tight and strong and closely woven as to turn any spear or arrow hurled against it.

These skilled artisans are not numerous, and the ordinary man spends his time in hunting and fishing, for both of which he uses large nets. As already mentioned, the complicated law-suits and endless palavers consume much time, which to us would seem wasted. In their own home village they seem quiet, but when aroused can be extremely wild and fierce as in the excitement of war. Though quick to take offense, they are as quick to forget. They are proverbially polite, their rules of etiquette being well observed, and deferential respect is always shown to a chief. They are quick to discern between justice and injustice, and graciously submit to any deserved punishment. They are naturally light-hearted, delighting in the song and the dance, and never worry about to-morrow. They are on this account improvident, but if they are obliged to fast for days, they feel they will surely feast some day and make up for it, as they always do. They are self-respecting, often haughty and arrogant, but quick-witted and intelligent. Though cheerful and quick to see a joke, they do not often joke, because of their ten-

dency to take offense and get into a fight with the would-be jester. The end of this proves to be anything but a joke. Bolenge has one born clown, who provides amusement for the whole populace, because he is well known, and none consider seriously anything he says or does. When Bakonzo goes to another village and begins to cut up his capers as at home, he is always considered a lunatic, and strangers run away from him, to his great amusement and satisfaction. It was never thought that he would become a Christian, but he did, and was in earnest for once in his life.

CHAPTER XXIV

Advance on the Congo During 1910

A Statement and Appeal

"We live in deeds, not years;
In thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs."

Nowhere are these words more truly exemplified than on the Mission Field. They seem strangely appropriate to the rapid development of the work in Congo this past year. To adequately write the history of this one year would require many chapters. A brief glimpse of the changes taking place and advance being made will suffice for now.

There are three things which are especially worthy of mention: The transportation and reconstruction of the *Oregon,* the marvelous growth of the outstation at Monyeka, and the opening of Lotumbe. Those who attended the Great Centennial Convention at Pittsburg, and were present at the dedication of the *Oregon,* will never forget that unique and impressive service. Soon after the convention closed, this boat was taken down and shipped in sections to the Congo, where it was to be reconstructed and completed. Mr. R. S. Wilson had

been in Pittsburg for some time assisting and watching its construction, that he might be better qualified to supervise its reconstruction in Congo. In December, 1909, the little party of three—Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and Miss Edna Eck—left America for the work toward which they had been looking for so long. The steamer was shipped about the same time. The freight steamers are much longer in transit; so the missionaries had some time to spend getting acquainted with the land, people, and language of their adoption before the steamer arrived. For several months Messrs. Moon and Wilson remained at Stanley Pool rebuilding this steamship. It had been carried in sections on the ocean liners to Matadi, thence by rail to Stanley Pool, where it had to be set up before proceeding to Bolenge. It is a tremendous task to reconstruct a steamer 9,000 miles from the docks in which it was built. One seemingly insignificant section lost or broken would necessitate waiting many months for its replacement. Both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Moon were eminently fitted for this great task, though it was undertaken by them with many fears and misgivings. Eagerly and anxiously their fellow-workers on the field and at home watched for the news of its progress. The steamer was launched in August, 1910, and soon after completed. It has been pronounced the strongest and best-shaped steamer on the Congo River. It would be difficult to even imagine its arrival at Bolenge, at Longa, at Lotumbe, and Monyeka. Standing-room on the beach will be at a premium. This will mark the beginning of a new era in the Congo work. The dark, impenetrable curtain which has shut out the vast interior is about to be rent in twain. God speed

this messenger of life and light to the uttermost parts of that land!

While preparing this means for carrying the gospel, God was also preparing the hearts of the people far distant for the message. At Monyeka, where such an auspicious beginning was made two years ago, there has been a marvelous development. It is like a new chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Our hearts are thrilled as we learn of the soul-hunger of those people. Monyeka is a city in population. As has already been cited in a previous chapter, this town is 250 miles from Bolenge and 150 miles from Longa. This work, begun by Iso Timothy, has increased until now twenty-six more teachers and evangelists are supported by the native church. There is a church of over two hundred, a Sunday-school of two thousand, and day schools where hundreds of children clamor for teaching. The occasional visits of the missionaries are heralded far and wide by the natives. They are hungry to hear the message from the lips of the white teachers. They do not think of food nor sleep while they can feast on the bread of life. Often the missionary is kept steadily preaching to them from morning till late at night. One sermon is ended only to be followed by a plea or demand for another. It is like administering food to the starving.

At one time this past year eighty were baptized in one day at Monyeka. It was a most deeply impressive service. The banks were black with people, and those who could not see climbed into the trees overhanging the beach. What a contrast the quiet reverence of that vast audience bore to the wild fierceness, so lately their chief characteristic.

G. H. Waters, of Pomona, California, has made possible the opening of this outpost as a permanent station as soon as the grant is received from the Government. This is a strategic point, commanding a vast populous country on all sides, easily reached by means of the new steamer. The permission to occupy it is expected at any time. Supplies have been sent that work may begin at once upon receiving the formal grant from Brussels.

It would seem that everything was ready, but when we were watching with expectancy for this station, the Government suddenly gave permission to proceed to Lotumbe. This site was asked for some time after the request for Monyeka was made. Lotumbe is situated on the Momboyo branch of the Bosira River, about ninety miles above Longa. Efoloko, our intrepid evangelist, had done faithful work in this district.

The Foreign Society has been sadly in need of funds even to carry on the regular established work; so when the grant unexpectedly came, no means of maintenance had been assured. To refuse the station seemed out of the question. On its acceptance and maintenance depended and still depends the further granting, not only of Monyeka, but of any other sites desired in the future. It was a critical situation and has been met on the field as would be expected of those who have given their lives to that work. Without hesitation Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Smith, less than a year on the field, volunteered to go alone and hold this outpost. Their faith was strong that God would provide the means of maintaining this station. Accordingly Bolenge and Longa gave what they could spare of their meager supplies, and this

heroic young couple set forth. It was a step in the dark, but they were willing to walk with God in the dark, believing he would lead them into the light.

As Mr. and Mrs. Smith had been so brief a time in the country and knew so little of the language, Bolenge gave of her very best to help and sustain them. Inkondo, the most capable girl in the orphanage, who has been like a matron over the younger girls for years, and on whom all the missionaries' wives have depended in this department of their work, was willingly given up to accompany Mrs. Smith. This was no small sacrifice for Bolenge, for Inkondo's place will not soon be filled by another. An added burden of care and responsibility was thus laid upon Mrs. Moon, who had charge of the girls. Still Bolenge's offering was not complete. Mark Njoji was asked if he were willing to go. His reply was characteristic of him. Wherever he was most needed there he would go. Upon Njoji's return from America to his native land he was received as one brought back from the dead. His arrival at Matadi, Stanley Pool, and at every stage of his up-river journey was heralded by his fellow-countrymen. His reception at Bolenge, as he arrived with Dr. Dye, was not unlike that accorded our ex-President on his return from Africa. It was a far more wonderful escape, to their minds, for Njoji to return after two years' absence, unharmed, on that mysterious, dangerous journey to the white man's land, than for ex-President Roosevelt to escape from the wild beasts of the African jungle. And who shall say that the spiritual perils and dangers which confronted and surrounded Njoji in Christian America were not truly the greater? Many

watched with interest, and some hearts were anxious as to whether he would escape unharmed. Our fears were needless, for he was armed with the sword of the Spirit. His life since his return has proved his sterling worth. Back from the comforts and luxuries enjoyed in America to his little mud hut and bamboo pallet, he took his place in the village life. His faithful wife, Amba, looked forward to his coming eagerly, though perhaps with some misgivings. But to Njoji no elaborately dressed girl in all the world could possess the charms of his Amba. Theirs was a glad reunion. Njoji's training while away has made him most useful. His knowledge of printing and nursing make him an efficient assistant. He went right into the printing house with Mr. Hedges and has helped in setting up type for translations which his trip to America made possible. Thus has he been the means of helping to give the gospel to his own people in their own language. In the day school Njoji has been just as efficient, superintending the teachers in the many classes. Thus in every way, at all times, has he by precept and example proved his fidelity both to his teachers and to his profession of faith. This, then, is the one who so willingly left the home of his forefathers to go together with his wife to stand by Herbert Smith in their great task of opening work at Lotumbe. Longa, too, contributed her share, for Mr. and Mrs. Smith had gone to be associated with Dr. and Mrs. Jaggard at that place. On the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Jaggard were left alone at Longa. Dr. Jaggard had already done much toward the establishing of the new place by itineration and supervision of the evangelists in that district. So Bolenge and Longa con-

tributed their best to insure the success of the new venture.

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries;
> And we must take the current when it serves,
> Or lose our ventures."

It seemed at the time that these brave workers had gone into Lotumbe on the flood tide. They worked zealously to clear the site ready for temporary mud buildings. At first Mr. and Mrs. Smith occupied a tiny apartment, partitioned off from the native chapel. A small mud house was built, which had "a fine glass window in the front and as fine a board one in the rear." The native chapel was moved to a more favorable situation, and enlarged, and other necessary buildings erected. This done, their hearts began to be cheered as delegates poured in from the back country begging for teachers for their villages. The first Lord's day seventeen were baptized; so the church was organized with seventy members, mostly the result of the faithful native evangelist's work.

There are several things which conduce to make this the turning point in the development of the Congo work. For many years other societies have been refused the privilege of occupying stations in this central Congo field. It is plainly evident to us that the permission given our Society is because of the services of our medical missionaries. They not only serve the natives, but always treat the Government officers and traders whenever called upon. These other societies have not been

able to get fully qualified medical men even for their old-established posts. It would be almost a disgrace now if we, who have received this special privilege, were not able through lack of funds to take advantage of it. To hold back now may mean to block the way for all future advance.

Those on the field and those on furlough have put their lives into this great work. In length of days their lives will be shortened, but "that life is long which answers life's great end." There must be those who will put their lives into it without shortening their days, by giving of what the Lord has entrusted to their care.

Ten thousand dollars is imperatively needed to maintain Lotumbe and send two new families to the undernamed stations. A doctor must be found. The present force has signified its willingness to strive to hold the situation if five thousand dollars can be raised to sustain Lotumbe.

Hear the voice of God saying, "And it shall come to pass, that before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

APPENDIX

Those Who Have Toiled at Bolenge

At the close of this year, 1909, twenty-six missionaries will have been connected with our African mission for a longer or shorter period.

In the late fall of 1896, E. E. Faris, son of G. A. Faris, of Texas, was appointed to open that work. He was a graduate of Add-Ran University. He had wanted to go to Japan, but consented to be the pioneer to Africa. He was accompanied by Dr. Harry Nicholas Biddle. Dr. Biddle was born January 17, 1872, in Cincinnati, Ohio. Before entering high school it had been his boyhood plan to become a missionary. To this end he completed his high school course and entered a medical college, graduating in the spring of 1896. He volunteered for Africa, but the board not being ready to accept him then, he went into the practice of medicine. This he soon left to take post-graduate work in medicine. In November of that same year he received his appointment. In a letter home he said, "God willing, I shall yet see Africa." A. McLean, in sending him notice of his appointment, said: "I congratulate you upon this appointment. It is a reward of your fidelity and devotion." Before leaving America, Dr. Biddle was married, February 20, 1897, to Edith M. Sparks, whom he

left in America to await the selection of a home in Africa. From shipboard, March 4, 1897, he wrote: "Even if I should fall, God forbid that any one should grieve. It would only make our separation a trifle longer."

These two, Dr. Biddle and Mr. Faris, proceeded to the Congo. The American Baptist Missionary Union had already offered to turn over one or more of their stations, but it was thought advisable before accepting this offer to search for some unoccupied territory. For this reason these two missionaries traveled over much of the accessible country, but a location would not be granted them anywhere. At the end of the first year Dr. Biddle wrote to his brother, saying: "Day after to-morrow will be one year from the time of our leaving home. It does not seem that I have accomplished as much as I set out to in that time, but I am sticking to it. During this year I have traveled some thousands of miles, been exposed to some apparent dangers, and I doubt not, to many unseen ones, but the good Lord has kept me secure from them all. I should have been tortured with suspense had I not had faith in my Lord and Master."

Dr. Biddle and Mr. Faris had many slight fevers, which seemed to weaken the doctor very much. Repeated attacks of dysentery made it necessary for him to return home immediately. He was put on board the Antwerp steamer September 22, 1897, at Matadi, having made the railway journey alone save for a native boy. The first night while at Tumba his mind was wandering. On board the steamer he grew rapidly worse, and October 6th he was taken into the

English hospital at Las Palmas, Grand Canary Island, very ill, and two days later he passed away among strangers, but tenderly cared for. They buried him in a beautiful cemetery beneath the flowers and palms. A message from the hospital said: "He was quite contented and never murmured, and I must say I never saw such a peaceful death in my life." Dr. Biddle was "called thus early from the heart of the Dark Continent to the radiant light of the Eternal City."

It having now been proved that a station in new territory was an impossibility, and one life having been laid down in consequence, negotiations were begun with the American Baptist Missionary Union looking toward the purchase of one of their stations. While these arrangements were being completed Mr. Faris, now alone, remained at Stanley Pool, occupying his time by studying French, which is the Government language. In 1899 he left for Bolenge, arriving there in March, and was kindly received by the former missionaries who were still there.

Four years before this a young man from Ionia, Michigan, had gone to New York City to prepare himself for a medical missionary. Two years later a young woman entered the Missionary Training School in Brooklyn, to prepare also for missionary work. These two had consecrated their lives to the evangelization of the world. They desired to go where the need was greatest, and where others were least willing to go. Their eyes had been turned toward Africa. On Thanksgiving Day, 1898, the young man, Royal J. Dye, was riding on a street car in New York City, on his way to prayer-meeting, when he heard two ladies

discussing the news of the sad and sudden death of Dr. H. N. Biddle, which had been received by cable that day. This was a call to service. He volunteered and was accepted in December. He and the young woman in Brooklyn, Eva Nichols, were natives of Ionia, Michigan, and thither they returned to be married, January 16th, leaving home the next day for Africa. They arrived at Bolenge April 17, 1899, and joined Mr. Faris. Mr. Faris spent his time studying the language so as to begin preaching, and at the same time opened the day school. Dr. Dye began the medical work and took charge of the manual labor of the station. There was much of this latter needing to be done. His wife kept house, training bush boys to do the work, and also teaching about thirty or forty raw heathen lads to sew and make themselves clothes. The work was carried on eighteen months through many vicissitudes, discouragements, disappointments, vexations, sorrows, wants, sickness, and fevers, in all of which the workers were kept up by the power of God.

Meanwhile, in 1897, Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Lea had gone out to Angola under the Philafrican Liberators' League. He was a native of Maryland, but converted in the city of Washington, where he had been baptized by F. D. Power. Mrs. Lea was born in France, but her home for many years had been in Grand Rapids, Mich. Both were graduates of Bethany College, and had instituted and conducted a successful mission in the slums of New York City. While in college Dr. Dye had been associated with them in that work. The Leas found themselves under such restric-

tions in Angola that they resigned their connection with the League and began an independent work. The Vermont Avenue Church, Washington, of which he was a member, desired to support them and asked the Foreign Christian Missionary Society to take up their work.

In October, 1900, Mr. Faris was ordered to visit their work in Angola on his way home for his first furlough. It was thought if Angola afforded better opportunity for aggressive mission work than Bolenge, the workers would unite there; but if not, Mr. and Mrs. Lea were to join the forces on the Congo. Dr. and Mrs. Dye and their baby daughter, Polly, were left alone at Bolenge. Little Polly, the pioneer baby in the mission, had been born November 3, 1899. She was called Okuke for the mother of old Bonkanza, who had been noted for her remarkable kindness of heart and generosity. For eight months these workers were alone, doing what they could. These were days of suspense, for no news came of the decision of Mr. Faris and Mr. Lea as to the possible change of situation until a letter was received, saying the Leas were on the way to Bolenge. Suspense was then turned into joyful anticipation.

Mr. and Mrs. Lea and baby, Isabelle, arrived at Bolenge, May 19, 1901, after having been four years in Angola. Little Isabelle was the first baby ever brought into the Congo Free State from outside. Words can not express the joy of this reunion. Okuke had never seen a little white girl before, and immediately appropriated her, being offended if her own mother took her. Mr. Lea began the industrial work

and Mrs. Lea a class in sewing. However, the trials and privations of the four years in Angola, where they had lost a little boy, the terrible trip across country to the coast, and the inhospitable climate of the Congo had undermined Mrs. Lea's health, so it was doubtful whether or not she could remain.

In December, 1899, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin A. Layton, of Chicago, received their appointment to Africa. He was taking a medical course; at the same time Mrs. Layton was a teacher in the city schools. It had been their prayer for many years to go to the mission field. Dr. Layton completed his medical course, and they started on the day of graduation for Congo. They reached Bolenge August 29, 1901. A month later it was the opinion of both doctors that Mrs. Lea should return home. She was suffering from nervous prostration and failing rapidly. During those few months they had endeared themselves to the natives as well as the missionaries, and though they have never been able to return, their influence still lives; they will never be forgotten. So after only four months' association in the work at Bolenge they were compelled to go. Mrs. Lea has never recovered her health, but they have always, in every way, exerted their influence to help the work they so reluctantly resigned. They have always provided the support of an orphan boy to whom they were attached. They now live in Los Angeles, California.

Dr. and Mrs. Layton were eminently capable people and well qualified for mission work in Congo. They entered immediately into it and studied the language diligently. Mrs. Layton was splendidly qualified for

the school work, which she soon raised by most advanced methods to a much higher standard. Dr. Layton assisted in the medical and surgical work, but took advantage of every moment to work on the language, as they were soon to be left alone.

No visible fruits of these years of toil could be seen save the little prayer-meeting instituted by Joseph, which was most spontaneous in its character. Before the departure of the Dyes for home on furlough, ten boys came, bringing their names on a slip of paper, with the request that the white people in America pray for them. In February, 1902, Dr. and Mrs. Dye and Polly left for America, leaving the Laytons alone, after but five months on the station. It was eight months before they received reinforcements except for one of "divine appointment," a baby daughter, Evelyn Azalia, born June 24, 1902. Another baby joined the mission force that year—Eva Dorcas Dye, born in Ionia, Mich., August 30th. These eight months saw the wonderful development in interest, not only in that little prayer-meeting, but also in the country round about. Dr. and Mrs. Layton did the best they could to foster this spirit, and with remarkable success considering their short acquaintance with the language. He also began a slip system of arranging words for a Lonkundo vocabulary. Mr. Faris returned to the Congo, accompanied by his young wife, arriving at Bolenge October 2, 1902. Mr. and Mrs. Eldred, a newly appointed couple, also were of the same party. Mrs. Faris had been Miss Bessie Holman, also of Texas, and a talented young woman. Mrs. Faris helped in the school and took charge of a

women's weekly meeting. Mr. Eldred is a native of Michigan, while his wife was from Indiana. He was a graduate of Kentucky University, being also well equipped to take charge of the Industrial Department, which was greatly enlarged under his careful supervision. He found ample scope for all his talents. A series of protracted meetings were held by Mr. Faris and Dr. Layton, after which the first baptisms were witnessed in November, 1902, and in March following, the church was organized with twenty-four charter members.

In September of that year Dr. and Mrs. Layton left for home, having little hope of their baby's life. The Congo climate is well nigh impossible for white children. Dr. and Mrs. Dye were on their way back, having consigned their two little girls to the care of Mrs. Amanda Preston, a foster sister of Mrs. Dye. They had stopped in London, where Dr. Dye was attending for a short period the London School of Tropical Medicine. Dr. and Mrs. Layton met them there, where for a few days they enjoyed congenial fellowship. Little Lita, as the natives had called Evelyn, was some stronger, though for days after leaving the Congo her life was despaired of. Then these workers separated, the Laytons proceeding to America and the Dyes to the Congo. They were destined never again to be associated, for later that same year Dr. and Mrs. Layton were transferred to China, where they are still laboring. Their transfer was China's gain, but Congo's loss. Their leaving is still deeply regretted by natives and missionaries of all societies, by all of whom they are held in high esteem.

Dr. Royal J. Dye.

Mrs. Royal J. Dye.

Chas. P. Hedges.

R. Ray Eldred.

Mrs. R. Ray Eldred.

Dr. W. C. Widdowson.

A. F. Hensey.

Mrs. A. F. Hensey.

Miss Edna Eck.

ON THE CONGO.

Dr. L. F. Jaggard.

Mrs. L. F. Jaggard.

Herbert Smith.

E. R. Moon.

Mrs. E. R. Moon.

R. S. Wilson.

Mrs. R. S. Wilson.

Mrs. Herbert Smith.

Dr. H. N. Biddle. Miss Ella Ewing.

Who gave their lives for Africa.

Dr. and Mrs. Dye were accompanied by Dr. Dye's father on their return to Africa. The father was alone in the world, save for his only son, and decided to go with him to his African home rather than live alone in America. After a pleasant voyage out with Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Stonelake, of the Baptist Missionary Society, they reached their little home at Bolenge in February, 1904. During their absence many changes and a rapid advance in all the work had been made. They soon found plenty to do. In May a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Faris, and in July they left for home, subsequently withdrawing from the work and remaining in America. At present they reside in Waco, Texas, where Mr. Faris is teaching in Texas Christian University. Thus in one year two families were lost to the Congo. During his seven years' service Mr. Faris made some valuable notes, which assisted in the later completion of the grammar. He also translated the Gospel of Mark, a leaflet of stories of the life of Christ for the school, and collected a large number of native proverbs, which were also printed.

For fifteen months the work made steady progress under the combined oversight of Dr. Dye and Mr. Eldred. On June 22, 1904, little R. Ray Eldred, Jr., joined the force, and his companionship became a source of happiness to all. In February, 1905, Mr. Dye, Dr. Dye's father, went for a trip to Stanley Falls with Mr. and Mrs. Stonelake, the friends with whom he had traveled from England to Congo. He had thus far stood the climate fairly well, and enjoyed the trip to the falls. He never became tired of telling how he appreciated the kindness and courtesy shown him every-

where by the missionaries of other societies. Just one day before reaching home he fell ill with fever. These friends traveled night and day to bring him home. They felt it was a serious matter at his time of life, he being nearly sixty-five years of age. They arrived at 9.30 P. M., March 12th, and the sound of the steamer whistle brought dark forebodings to every heart, for except in great emergency steamers never travel by night on the Congo. He was carried to the house in a hammock. After but three short days he passed away. He had been ideally happy with his children there, and had taken unusual interest in all the mission work. He was known as Nkoko, grandfather, to all the country round. Crowds of people came to see the father of Dr. Dye, the grandfather of their own little white spirit Okuki (Polly) whom they never forgot. His age and life recommended Christianity to the old people, to whom he always showed the greatest deference and consideration. Thus his short life in their midst bore fruit which shall remain. He rests beneath the shadow of the palms, his spirit having entered unto more abundant life on the sixty-fifth anniversary of his birth.

On August 22, 1905, a second son, Philip Ward, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Eldred, and the next month they left for a much-needed rest in America. Once more Dr. and Mrs. Dye were unavoidably left alone, and three months later Mrs. Dye's life was despaired of. For more than a year little hope was entertained for her recovery. While thus alone and unable to attend to the station or church work, the little band of Christians proved faithful. They grew in grace, their

faith being strengthened as they prayed without ceasing for the recovery of the mission mother. They believed the answer would be given. It was a furnace of affliction, out of which they came refined as pure gold.

While anxiously awaiting reinforcements from America, God sent help from a most unexpected quarter. About two years before, Eben Creighton, a pastor at Newberg on the Hudson, had thought much of Africa's unredeemed peoples. After the death of his wife and only child he went to England, and thence to South Africa. After a few months spent there he took ship for Uganda, in East Central Africa, where he spent some time, everywhere bringing a new spirit into the churches. From there he traveled two months through the great pygmy forests, arriving at Stanley Falls on Christmas, 1905, after a journey attended by perils, privations, and dangerous fevers. There he heard for the first time of the American mission at Bolenge, and decided to stop if possible on his way toward the Soudan. This he did, arriving in Bolenge early in January, where he found he was so much needed that he recognized it was the voice of God, and stayed. His coming was like a benediction, and the native church begged him to remain. Three weeks after his arrival, A. F. Hensey came from America. He is a native of Ohio, receiving his first college training at Hiram, afterwards entering Kentucky University, from which he graduated as valedictorian of his class in 1905. He had been for three years a student volunteer, not particularly drawn to any special field. He would have gone gladly to Japan; but when the call

came from the opposite side of the globe, he responded just as gladly. He came with a ministry of cheer to that home where the angel of death seemed often about to enter. During the year that followed he spent many patient hours with the suffering invalid, reading, writing. He studied the language together with Mr. Creighton, and made himself indispensable to every one. He manifested great capacity, and that first year laid the solid foundation for the language work and translations made since. He has made greater progress in the language than any other missionary during his first term. October of the same year saw the arrival of Dr. W. Charles Widdowson, of Pennsylvania. By inheritance from grandfather and father he was an architect and carpenter, in which he had become proficient. He learned electrical engineering, and not being satisfied to take any of these for his life work, he entered Hiram, and later the medical department of Kentucky University, from which he graduated in June, 1906. He was led to volunteer for foreign service, and left that fall for Bolenge to relieve Dr. Dye that he might return home. Dr. Widdowson made a quick trip, reaching Bolenge October 30, 1906, where a hearty welcome awaited him. He lost no time in going to work and in studying the language. He superintended the building of the great tabernacle, and made plans for a house for single ladies. Mr. Creighton had spent the year itinerating and preaching with the help of the evangelists. These trips told on his health, so he left for home, meeting the new party on their way up the Congo River. Mr. Eldred, accompanied by Misses Ella Ewing and Alice Josephine

Ferrin, reached Bolenge February 9, 1907. Mrs. Eldred remained in America with their three little sons, Joseph Paul having been born December 17, 1906. Mrs. Eldred's enforced stay in America was a great renunciation for them both, and impossible save for the grace of God.

Miss Alice Ferrin was to become the wife of Mr. Hensey. They had met years before when Mr. Hensey, a student preacher, was holding evangelistic service in a Western town. One night a beautiful young girl made the confession and was baptized. That face was ever before him, mingling with his future plans. The stalwart young preacher had won her heart, so with a courage born of love she started out on that ten thousand mile journey to unite with him in their chosen life work. Mrs. Hensey was born in South Dakota, but after her mother's death moved to Illinois. She had become proficient in several languages, so made excellent progress in Lonkundo.

Miss Ella Ewing was the first single woman sent to Congo by the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. She was born in Jacksonville, Ill., February 13, 1883. As a child she was strong and always the companion of her brothers in every sport. She was a good student, ambitious and conscientious in all her school work. When a little child she stood by her mother's side one day and said, "I 'll be a missionary when I grow up." This was the master motive and purpose of her life from thenceforth. Her mother taught for many years in a Negro Sunday-school where Ella accompanied her. When but a young girl she would always take her mother's class when the mother was obliged

to be absent. She graduated from Jacksonville (Ill.) High School in 1902, and went the same year to Eureka College, completing a four years' course in three years. During these years she learned every useful accomplishment possible to fit herself more fully for her chosen work. She never had a wish for or thought of any other vocation. Her greatest desire was to go to Africa, and when at last she received her appointment her joy was beyond measure. Her mother's prayer for years had been that the Christian world might be brought to realize the condition of the black race, and that she might in some way be used to help. Her prayer was answered, but in a way she little dreamed of—by giving her own daughter for their redemption.

Miss Ewing and Miss Ferrin entered at once into the work and study of the language. The Dyes expected to go home as soon as the new student arrived, but hindrances to the marriage of Mr. Hensey and Miss Ferrin were made by the Government, so the Dyes were delayed. During the preparations of the Hensey wedding in May, Miss Ewing was taken down with fever and, despite all that could be done for her, rapidly failed. The marriage was set for May 15th, and was quietly consummated. Early on the morning of the 17th Ella was called to a heavenly service, after having been but three months on the field of her choice. The sublimity of her faith was beautiful. The few months of her service were the happiest of her life; yet she was willing to go. Soon after her arrival she had written home, saying: "I love Africa. I love the people, and am more glad every

day that I have been permitted to come to Africa." Already her deep consecration, as her life burned out for Him, has led others to go and take up the work she laid down.

Early in July Dr. and Mrs. Dye left for home, where it was hoped Mrs. Dye would regain health and strength.

Prospects were bright for opening another station, and a call had been made for a doctor. Dr. L. F. Jaggard answered the call and was accepted. He was married to Miss Annella Marsh, of Des Moines, and left for Bolenge, arriving there July, 1907. Dr. Jaggard was a graduate of Drake University, Iowa, an exceptional student, and well qualified for his work, as also was Mrs. Jaggard. They were preceded one month by Miss Kathryn Blackburn, of Chicago. Miss Blackburn is a most consecrated young woman, and the hand of God was with her in her going to Africa to teach the people of her own race. She has entered upon her duties there with her whole heart, and is doing a good work.

Dr. and Mrs. Jaggard have gone with Mr. Eldred to open the new station at Longa, one hundred miles from Bolenge, on the Bosira. Mr. Eldred has recently had some alarming fevers, which have so reduced his strength that he has been ordered home and is on his way at this writing. So Dr. and Mrs. Jaggard are left alone at Longa, though reinforcements will soon be there.

In August, 1907, Mr. Charles P. Hedges, of Kentucky, sailed for Congo, arriving there in October. He is a graduate of Bethany College, West Virginia,

which school and church are supporting him on the field. He was a fine student. He is a carpenter and experienced printer as well. He is just the kind of man for the Congo, where a variety of talent is necessary.

At the Oregon State Convention last year, June, 1908, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Moon volunteered. They desired to go immediately to Congo. Their support was raised in Southern California by Mr. H. C. Waters and the Pomona Church, of which he is a member. On November 21st they sailed for Bolenge, arriving there January 26, 1909. He is a graduate of Eugene Bible University, of Eugene, Oregon. He is a carpenter, and just the man for Congo. Mrs. Moon is a capable young woman and an able helpmeet for her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Hensey spent a busy, active term of service, being left with all the responsibility of the work at Bolenge when Mr. Eldred left to open Longa. Besides the school and printing, teaching the evangelists, and the general supervision of all the work, Mr. Hensey found time to make a new copy of all the grammar notes to leave for the others. He also translated the Epistle of Philemon, story of Job, eleven chapters of Luke, compiled a hymn-book, prepared elementary lessons for the school teachers, besides many other smaller helps for the school. Mrs. Hensey was in charge of the orphanage and women's meetings, and assisted Mr. Hensey in the school. After this strenuous term of service they left for home on furlough, January 6, 1909, meeting Mr. and Mrs. Moon on their way up the Congo River.

This has left Dr. Widdowson in charge at Bolenge with the Moons, Miss Blackburn, and Mr. Hedges, none of whom have become proficient in the language yet, but all of whom are doing their best to lighten his burden. He is due to come home in October of this year and should leave sooner, as his health is not reliable and he is having numerous small fevers.

June 26, 1909, Dr. Dye, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Smith and Mark Njoji, sailed for the Congo, and hope to reach their destination by the middle of August. Mr. Smith is a native of England and is visiting his aged mother in London on his way to Congo. He is a graduate of Bethany College. Mrs. Smith is a native of West Virginia and was also a student at Bethany. Their passage money was raised by the churches of Chicago, and they were married and ready to sail for Africa within ten days after the money had been raised to send them. Their hearts have been in Africa for years, and all their preparation has been for that service for which they are exceptionally well qualified.

The author was not sufficiently recovered to return with her husband to Africa, but desires to join him there as soon as she is able. She remains in America, but her heart is with him and with the Bolenge work.

In September of this year another party will sail for the Congo, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wilson, of Sulphur, Ky., and Miss Edna Eck, of Charleston, Ill.